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THE NEW
STATESMAN
AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXIV. No. 854. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1947 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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BACK TO 1931—WITH A DIFFERENCE

THE announcement that no special session of Congress is planned for the autumn comes as a painful but healthy surprise. It removes the last justification for gambling on the Marshall offer and the last excuse for drifting on until the dollar loan is exhausted in the course of the winter. We know now that no dollars will be forthcoming until after, on present calculations, the last cent of the loan has been spent.

We should not blame the Americans for adopting this attitude. Congress is certainly not prepared to pour dollars into a number of bankrupt countries which, on any objective business calculation, are at present a bad investment. If we do not want to become pensioners of America, America reciprocates the compliment. The only terms on which Western Europe will obtain some limited dollar assistance next spring is that we start helping ourselves by schemes of joint reconstruction.

The consequences for Britain are clear enough. To reduce our ruinous expenditure in dollar countries, we must at all costs increase our trade with Europe. In a written answer the Chancellor gave figures to show that, owing to the rise in American prices, the loan had depreciated by 28 per cent. Having accepted multilateralism on the expectation of a quick world recovery and an American slump, he is faced by a boom in America and little signs of recovery on this side. To meet this we must seek an immediate reinterpretation of the clauses of the Loan Agreement which forbid discrimination and thereby hamstring our commercial relations with both Europe and the Commonwealth. Our prime purpose in the Paris Conference becomes not aid from America, but mutual aid among the member nations and the rapid development of trade between the Western and the Eastern Bloc.

But, however successful we may be in improving our position by such international agreements, the effects on our trade deficit will inevitably be slow. We are moving towards a buyers' market; and simultaneously the dollar famine is forcing country after country to impose import bans. In these circumstances, it will be foolish to rely on any considerable increase in exports as a means of closing the gap. We can hope for it and work for it, but we cannot reckon on it. Indeed, the Government would be well advised to make plans for extensive public works in the event of a temporary trade recession.

Meanwhile there is no alternative to a drastic economy programme designed to save at least £200 million of our present foreign spending. On the basis of this programme, combined with modest American assistance next spring, and some trade with Europe and Russia, we can hope just to pull through.

Mr. Attlee is therefore faced with his old problem of priorities. When expenditure has to be slashed—*without reducing production*—what goes first? On another page Mr. Aidan Crawley, M.P., indicates the lines on which a Socialist Government could proceed. He argues that, if we are to maintain essential food and raw material imports—and this seems to be one thing at least on which the Government has decided—then the chief cuts must come in the size of the Armed Forces overseas and in luxuries, including foreign travel, films and non-essential foodstuffs.

Such austerity will only be bearable if it is given a social purpose and is felt to be part of an intelligible plan of economic reconstruction. It must, in fact, be accompanied by a wages and profits policy and put across as a national effort, in which every class makes its sacrifice in the common cause and to which there is no alternative if we are to avoid the paralysis of our whole economic life during the next twelve months. We are back in the summer of 1931 but with this difference: that we now have a Labour Government backed by a huge and united Parliamentary majority. That is why the proposed Coalition is futile. It would divide the nation instead of uniting it. This time the doctor's mandate must be a Socialist mandate.

There will be many who, while accepting the need for austerity and even for such measures as negative direction of labour and a capital levy, will object that it is suicidal to cut down our foreign commitments. The answer is simple enough. The Government is already pledged to reduce the Armed Forces to about 600,0[illegible] in 1949. All that is required by this [illegible] programme is that an Army, Navy and Air Force, now totalling 1,200,000 men and absorbing one-third of our national budget, should be reduced by one-half in the course of eighteen months instead of in two to three years. This would enable the raw materials and skilled workers now employed on armaments to be released for productive work, as well as rendering possible vast savings in the use of petrol and shipping. Those who oppose that policy must be made to realise that the choice next winter will be literally Food or Forces.

What is vital is that the Government should declare its policy before Parliament disperses for the summer recess. Last week Mr. Morrison made it clear enough that economic disaster is now very near. But such gloomy prophecies breed defeatism and lassitude if they are not speedily followed by the announcement of measures to deal with the crisis. The country is not content to be told the worst and to gamble on hopes: it awaits action.

Mr. Deakin Changes His Mind

Mr. Deakin's speech at the annual conference of the Transport and General Workers has been snapped up as evidence that direction of labour is now a possibility. But a careful reading of his actual words rules out such a hasty conclusion. The General Secretary was flying a very modest kite, and his suggestion, that unproductive workers should be drafted, side-stepped the central problem that certain productive industries, such as light engineering and chemicals, are overmanned, and others, such as textiles, undermanned. "Direction for drones" is a popular slogan but an insufficient policy. The real significance of Mr. Deakin's speech was that it contradicted almost sentence by sentence everything which he said at Margate. If the *Daily Herald* is right in describing his present attitude as realistic—including his demand for a progressive reduction of the Armed Forces—then his attitude just six weeks ago must have been the reverse. The explanation is simple enough. At Margate he spoke and cast his 450,000 votes against the *Keep Left* intellectuals. To-day the wind has changed and the weathercock veers.

Newsprint and Democracy

As further details become available of the effects of the Government cut in the imports of newsprint, the decision appears the more incomprehensible. The cut will save us four million dollars in the next six months, or slightly less than half of one per cent. of our total trade deficit for the period. If it were a part of a planned overall reduction of imports, it might have made sense. But the only other cut made at the same time is in tobacco, the consumption of which has already greatly decreased by reason of the tobacco tax, and of which sufficient stocks are held to enable the present demand to be met for at least another year. A reduction of the travellers' allowance from £75 to £65 would have saved as much currency and would hardly have led to the same adverse repercussions. As Lord Layton, until recently chairman of the rationing committee of the Newsprint Supply Company points out, the reduction does not only mean a return to wartime sizes for newspapers, bad enough in itself. It means breaking long-term contracts with Canadian and Newfoundland suppliers, who agreed to limit profitable arrangements with the U.S.A. to maintain moderate exports to Britain on a Government guarantee that the dollars and the import licences would be provided. If these contracts are not honoured, the supplies are likely to be permanently switched to the United States, and this one sure source of raw material will be lost to us for years. In addition, the blow will fall less heavily on large circulation newspapers than on the small ones, who, with rising overheads in every direction, will have to reduce staff and lose valuable advertising revenue which cannot be offset against mammoth sales. This gives credence to the rumour that there is a strong move in the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, supported by some medium-circulation papers, to raise the price of newspapers from 1d. to 1½d.—a move which is stoutly resisted by the *Daily Express* and other large papers, who would, on balance, because their mass sales would drop, lose by such an arrangement. In this respect, also, the Government has made it easier, presumably unintentionally, for Lord Kemsley and other combine owners to buy up independent provincial newspapers, many of which will find the latest burden too heavy to carry. For a democratic Government to look first to the curtailment of the dissemination of information and to shirk the wider and more vital cuts is a lunacy. If the same saving in films or tinned meats had been made, the impact on the country would have been negligible and would have gone unnoticed. As it is, the Government foolishly lays itself open to the not easily defended charge of disliking newspapers on principle and curbing their influence whenever opportunity arises.

Whitehall and Palestine

The extremely independent attitude of the U.N. Palestine Commission seems to have stirred Whitehall into action. Mr. Trafford Smith, of the Colonial Office, has flown to Jerusalem presumably in order to improve the strained relations between the Commission and the Administration. It is believed that Mr. Beeley, the Foreign Office Palestine expert, whose passionate advocacy of the Arab cause has so deeply influenced Mr. Bevin, will go to Geneva to advise the Commission when it gets down to drafting its report. This report is due on the 15th August, a month before the Assembly meets. Officially the Government is remaining strictly neutral until the Assembly has made up its mind. But it is fairly clear that the Chiefs of Staff have already decided that a British base at Gaza is essential to their strategy and it is unlikely that the Americans will seek to dissuade them. On present calculations, therefore, whatever the Assembly decides, Britain will retain its ruinous responsibility for Palestine. The only alternative would be a declaration, before the Assembly meets, that, whatever it decides, Britain does not wish to retain the Mandate and that her troops and officials will be withdrawn by a definite date. It is almost certain that the decision between these two courses will be taken during the Recess and Parliament will be faced with a *fait accompli* when it meets again in the autumn.

The Ingenious Ramadier

M. Ramadier has found an ingenious method of avoiding the strike of more than a million French public servants, which was due to start this week. Their unions—not all of which are affiliated to the C.G.T.—rejected the compromise wage increase put forward by M. Ramadier in reply to their demands. But, though a nation-wide strike was threatened, there was some doubt whether the strike would be solid. The unions could not afford a fiasco. At the same time, having threatened a strike, they could not suddenly capitulate to the Government. M. Ramadier therefore tabled the Government's salary proposals as a Bill in the Assembly, to which sympathetic deputies may move amendments embodying the civil service unions' demands. This has transferred the problem from the field of direct negotiation to the Assembly and has undoubtedly averted an immediate crisis. But will it make a final settlement any easier? The Government must now make its proposals an issue of confidence and cannot readily modify them again if the trade unions are dissatisfied with the results of the Assembly debate. In fact, M. Ramadier has taken a trick from the unions by this move, having called their bluff of strike action, at least for the moment. Whether he will gain in the long run is another matter. It is a dangerous precedent if, at major crises—such as the exclusion of the Communist Ministers and this Civil Service dispute—the Assembly is made the arbiter in disagreements between interested sections and a Government which is supposed to enjoy its full confidence.

The Greek Civil War

The widespread arrests of Communists in Athens and other towns during the last week are evidence that the much-heralded offensive against the guerillas, now in its fourth month, has been a failure. The Greek Army has found, as the Germans also found, that it can comb the mountains only to have guerilla bands reoccupy their positions, harass isolated garrisons and cut lines of communication. It has not destroyed the guerillas and it is unlikely that the operations will produce any spectacular results this summer. In fact, the growing strength of the partisan forces is the reason for the panic in Athens. Though the excuse for the mass arrests of Communists was an alleged plot for arson and insurrection—some of the charges are clearly fantastic and strongly reminiscent of the Reichstag Fire technique—the decision to intern or deport the chief cadres of the partisan sympathisers was undoubtedly taken as a preventative measure. The Greek Government is well aware that there is no chance of a successful Communist revolt under present conditions. The Left is still too weak and its forces have been dispersed by many months of persecution. As long as the British and Americans remain on call, the Communists can do little more than strengthen the guerilla pressure from the mountains and stimulate opposition in the towns. The new arrests, however, are most unwise unless the Government is seeking the complete liquidation of all opposition and the creation of a naked dictatorship living on American charity. They make any form of reconciliation in Greece virtually impossible. At the same time, they will force hunted men to seek sanctuary with the partisans. The new terror, moreover, will undermine the position of moderate Republicans, who were making a fresh attempt to compromise, as well as that of the Communists and thus further polarise the opposing groups in Greece. The prospect of a more bitter internal struggle this summer suggests that the peace needed for genuine reconstruction is as distant as ever.

The Coal Problem

With Mr. Shinwell and Lord Hyndley both denouncing unofficial strikes, and the Mineworkers' Executive going to call on the Prime Minister to ask for further measures to encourage recruitment of miners, the coal situation looks as gloomy as ever; and there is now added the factor of American complaint that low coal production in Great Britain and in the British-controlled Ruhr lies at the back of a good many of Europe's economic difficulties. The five-day week has admittedly not so far proved its success—though that is a very different thing from proving a failure—and it has become plain that something more than the transfer of the mines to public ownership and management and the calling of the Mineworkers' Union into close consultation at the centre is needed to overcome the difficulties in the way of higher output. Most of all, of course, what is needed is more machinery and technical reorganisation, which are both a matter of time; but, apart from these, there is also needed a greater sense of responsibility on the part of the miners in each pit and an attempt to make the machinery of consultation work better in each pit and in the regions, as well as at the centre. It is an undoubted fact that a good many miners, seeing most of the old managers in charge, continue to think of the management as if it still stood for a hostile power, and that this spirit cannot be easily exorcised because it rests largely on irrational foundations. For the time being, coal stocks are better, and the most serious factor is the recent fall of recruitment, which action must be taken to check.

Closed Shop and Union Shop

Mr. John L. Lewis has continued to score points for the United Mine Workers, who have now got the contracts they wanted out of most of the coal operators—including the clause which lays down that the contracts are to run only when the miners are " willing and able to work." Meanwhile, both the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. are going ahead with their plans for testing other provisions of the Labor Act in the courts, but are leaving the more spectacular side to Mr. Lewis. If the two main Trade Union bodies are to succeed in acting effectively together in opposition to the Act they will need to find some way of settling their own quarrels over " jurisdiction; " for otherwise A.F. of L. craft Unions will be found invoking the clause which prevents skilled workers from being required to join industrial Unions in cases where there is a " Union Shop." The " Union Shop," as distinct from the " closed shop," remains lawful under the new Act—the difference being that, whereas in the latter only workers who are already Trade Unionists may be engaged, in the former there is only an obligation to join the recognised Union after being taken on. This distinction in the main works against the A.F. of L., rather than against the C.I.O.; for the " closed shop " proper is usually found among skilled workers who are strongly unionised on a craft basis. For the present, with total employment still rising, even apart from the usual seasonal trend, most employers are in no mood to try conclusions with Labour, at any rate until they are surer how the Taft-Hartley Act will affect Trade Union power. Mr. Lewis's victory will not be the only score for Labour, despite the Act, before the tide turns.

PARLIAMENT: Privileged Positions

Wednesday

For the bulk of the British people Indian affairs have always been too complicated and too remote to arouse much interest. Enthusiasm has been confined to those with personal and family connections or to a few ardent sympathisers with the cause of Indian freedom. The most momentous Bill of this Parliament, and perhaps of any other, was passed rapidly through all its stages without the majority of the Members seeming to have any appreciation of the significance of what was being done. Doubtless the empty benches for three days of this week would have presented a familiar scene to the shades of Burke and Macaulay. They would have understood why the Speaker on Tuesday stood a trifle more erect, and spoke louder and more clearly, than usual as he said: "The Question is that this Bill be now read a Third Time." It would have been no surprise to them that the House was only then filling as Members hurriedly secured good seats in anticipation of the family discussion of the case of Mr. W. J. Brown.

Throughout the week Attlee has been the dominant figure. Since the Simon Commission he has never lost contact with the intricacies of Indian politics, and on the Second Reading his speech, which he modestly but mistakenly described as too long, quietly and with denied emotion, covered all the salient aspects. On Monday he was in attendance again and became probably the only Prime Minister to pilot a Bill through its Committee stage, certainly in the last twenty-five years. The Tories were friendly and co-operative, although Macmillan ostentatiously gave all the credit to the Viceroy and none to the men opposite him whose decisions, despite Tory opposition, made success possible. Stanley Reed was charmingly sincere in his approbation and others, like Anderson and Low, could not conceal their admiration, but were worried about the Princes. On the Labour side William Ross dwelt movingly on how much or how little the Bill could mean to India's hungry peasants, while Wyatt appeared more anxious to speak to India than to the House.

In the final stages the remaining figures actively concerned with India during the last few years came in. Butler, the wisest of the Tories on this subject, gave a thoughtful valedictory message and so did Cripps, who urged the States to join India or Pakistan. Nicholson, Rees-Williams and Molson added their last words mingled with advice, but it was W. R. Williams who made the simplest and most affecting appeal for friendship. He extracted visible emotion, in a way no one else had, from a well-dressed Indian listening intently from beneath the Gallery. Winterton, who wound up for the Opposition, tetchily struck the wrong note and India, as far as the Lower House was concerned, became fully independent.

After a formal introduction from Greenwood, the Debate on the Report from the Committee of Privileges was appropriately and characteristically initiated by the chief actor, who performed to a packed House for threequarters of an hour. Communist influence, so dangerous to trade union leaders, had been at work and he had fought it. At this point the Tories cooed sympathetic "Hear, Hears" and the Socialists laughed. Nevertheless, the House was impressed with his case and was inclined to agree that undue pressure had been applied, although it was felt he should never have got himself into the position where it could be. From there on, however, matters took a different turn. Late in the Debate Ungoed-Thomas revealed that the resolution of the Newcastle branch of the Union demanding that Mr. Brown be pensioned off had already been withdrawn before Brown raised it as the grounds of a prima facie breach of privilege. Morrison made it clear, in an elder statesman's speech, that fully restored him to his position of Leader of the House in fact as well as in name, that the Association in such a situation could hardly prevent individual Members of its Executive from saying things which might be construed as breaches of privilege. He warned others, if any, similarly placed that the sooner this stopped the better, and his most shattering argument was that the agreement itself was perilously near a breach of privilege.

Phineas Tertius

EAST AND WEST

With the Czech withdrawal from the Paris discussions, great pressure is being brought to integrate rival economic systems in the East and West of Europe. Once they decided to dissociate themselves from the Marshall Plan, the Russians immediately took drastic measures to keep the countries within their zone of influence from taking part. The Poles learnt from a Tass message that they were not going to attend the conference, and the Czechs, who stand midway between West and East, were told by the neighbouring States that co-operation in Paris would be disloyal to the Slav group and were offered by Russia substantial economic benefits. They are to receive 200,000 tons of grain, besides large quantities of fodder and fertilisers, and they secure in the U.S.S.R. an assured market for one-quarter of their total exports for the next five years. Improved trade treaties are being negotiated between Russia and all her near neighbours, and also between the members of the Eastern Bloc. Great wealth exists in these hitherto backward areas: Yugoslavia, for instance, is likely, even if cut off completely from the West, swiftly to develop into an important industrial Power, and the Czechs hope to turn their heavy industrial area into the Eastern equivalent of Manchester and Sheffield. The Slav and Socialist part of the world still has to complete an enormous task of reconstruction, and its successful integration depends very much on the tactics pursued by the U.S.S.R., which can certainly create a great Socialist federal bloc if it avoids trampling on the national feeling and religious and minority rights within the area.

In Paris, questions of procedure have been rapidly by-passed, and four technical committees have now been set up to deal with food and agriculture, iron and steel, fuel and power and transport. These, however, are only the preliminaries. Agreement to create committees does not dissolve the great divergences of opinion between the principal Powers. The crux, of course, is Germany and especially the Ruhr. All countries occupied by Hitler are primarily concerned to prevent a repetition of the story of German revival after 1915. The Russians, however, decided that the threat that dollars might undermine the Socialist economy of Eastern Europe was greater than that the Western Powers could agree on the rebuilding of Germany. Certainly France will need a lot of persuading. America is opposed to the socialisation of the Ruhr, and though Mr. Bevin has promised it, there are now ugly rumours that on this point Britain will give way to the United States. America is also anxious to develop German steel to its highest pre-war level of 14 million tons. The French wish to increase France's steel output by the allocation of a larger proportion of Ruhr coal for France. The British at an earlier stage advocated a maximum figure of 11 million tons, but agreed to a compromise of 5.8 millions.

In addition to this problem of the level of production, there is the equally difficult one of control. The British believe that the keys to production are that the German miners should be better fed and that the Germans should retain a large proportion of the products of their own industry for their own urgent local needs. Recalling the French occupation of the Ruhr in 1923, they point out that the Germans are not likely to work well under close supervision by the victorious Powers. It will be difficult for America, Britain, France, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg to agree on a form of international control. The Russians no doubt believe that the effort will fail and that an American slump will come before the achievement of any form of Western federation.

The outlines of the picture are thus simple, but the details highly complex. Moreover, we must remember that although the division of Europe is now sharp, it is by no means absolute. Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries are particularly insistent that they remain neutral as between East and West, and desire to continue on the friendliest relations with the Eastern group. The Powers at Paris have emphasised that the door is still open to Eastern co-operation. The Czechs are anxious to develop Western trade, and the Yugoslavs to send us timber in exchange for machinery. The outcome of Britain's negotiations for a new trade treaty in Moscow is still uncertain, but there appears to be no foundation for the pessimistic reports that were in circulation last week. Nor has anything happened to upset our trade treaty with Poland. We must not jump to prophesy. The battle for control in Europe has taken a new form. Germany is still its centre, and the outcome in the long run turns on whether the United States has learnt economic wisdom and Russia political moderation.

HOW TO MEET THE CRISIS

It is useless to deny that the Government's attitude towards our present difficulties has shaken the confidence of many of its firmest supporters. Whatever he intended, Herbert Morrison's speech on imports seemed to most of those who heard it to mean that the Government thinks it has done all that is possible and that the survival of this country now depends on the United States. No impression could be worse either from the point of view of getting the help that we need or of stimulating the British people to greater efforts.

The dilemma is very great. Owing to the effects of the war we are living at the rate of £500 million a year or more above our income. Just when we need to import all we can to get industry on its feet and the people in good heart we must cut expenditure. We are in danger of running into the vicious circle which has gripped many European countries of "no more food without more production, and no more production without more food." What then can the Government do? Surely when the situation is so grave the remedy must be large and simple. Every man and woman in the country knows what it means to be living above one's income; and every man and woman knows what *must* be done. Things have got to be given up. First the things which matter least and then more vital, or what we have always considered more vital, things. Our way of life has got to change. It is in everyone's nature to postpone that change as long as possible, but it is equally in everyone's nature to feel greatly relieved once the decision has been taken. There comes a time when a clean slate and a new beginning are the only tonic. By ruthless action *now* this Government can earn the deep respect of all the best elements in the country. It will not have such a chance again.

What more could we give up at once? When a family runs into difficulties it begins by cutting domestic expenditure. It goes to the cinema and the sea less often; it stops eating preserved fruit at Christmas; father smokes less and mother makes an old hat do yet another year. If we accept an estimate made in the *Economist* (of May 31st last) we could save in films, petrol, tobacco and minor luxuries £60 million or so a year, and in non-essential raw materials and near-luxury foods between £20 and £30 millions a year more. This would endanger no one's health.

A saving of £90 or £100 millions does not solve our problem, but it makes a beginning and is surely the very least we can do to get ourselves into the right frame of mind.

When a nation is facing bankruptcy and hunger it is futile to say that everyone must see a new film every week. Only recently I have seen films ten and fifteen years old which, as far as photography and production go, are as good as anything appearing now, and in their story very much better. For the next two or three years we could get along very well with the films we can make ourselves and with re-issues. Discrimination need not arise.

We must also cut our overseas expenditure. It is not that we cannot be a first-class military power again if the need arises; I believe we can. But the basis of that power is the recovery of these islands, and at the moment we are squandering men and money. Take our expenditure in the Middle East; Ernest Bevin has said that the oilfields of Iran and Irak are bread and butter for thousands of people in this country. No one would deny that for a moment. But does that bread and butter depend on keeping thousands of troops on the Suez Canal? Does our tenure of the oilfields in peacetime depend on the presence of armed force in the Arab countries? If there was any prospect of defending the oilfields in any war in which Iran and Irak are likely to become involved such an argument might make sense. But is there any responsible British or American soldier who believes there is? The only American pronouncements on the subject have reiterated the determination that not one American soldier shall be sent to that part of the world; yet American interest in the oilfields is at least as great as ours. If the Americans do not think the presence of troops adds to the security of their interests why do we? We shall not preserve the independence of the Arab countries by bankrupting ourselves. The Government should withdraw our troops from Egypt and greatly reduce our forces in Palestine. Numbers never have and never will suppress terrorism. Our chief military commitments should be to teach the countries of East and West Africa, of the Malayan group and of the West Indies to defend themselves—a thing which can be done with very few British troops.

Secondly, we should cut our costs in Germany. However great our interest in the future of Germany, the hard fact is that we cannot feed our Zone and cannot afford to pay for others to feed it. We must say so. The Marshall offer shows that the United States has a sufficient interest in Europe at least to consider stepping into the breach, provided Europe sets about helping herself. The foundation of that self-help must be a clarification of what this country can and cannot do. Even if Congress approves help we can be pretty certain that it will not cover our overdraft as it is running at present, and every economy we make now will stand us in good stead. If Congress decides to refuse help, then this country and Europe must plan their future alone. It is a bitter pill to contemplate, but we must face swallowing it and face it now.

These cuts in Germany and the Middle East could scarcely amount to less than £100 millions a year and might well amount to more; with the cuts in imports already mentioned they would reduce our deficit by a third. That, surely, is the very least we *must* do this year.

Our next steps, plainly, must be to increase production. To do this I believe we need a change of attitude even more profound. Before the war the difference between the standard of living in Britain and the countries of the continent was always striking; not only were the ablest men in France and Germany paid much less than in England but throughout the whole of society, leaving aside the tiny section which owned large properties, the tempo of life was different. In Britain we had all the habits of wealth. We knocked off work regularly at five or six in the evening, took regular week-ends and spent quite a lot of our energy organising our leisure. Our way of life was preferable, but it did not take one long to realise that we owed it to our foreign investments and invisible exports. We were like a man living half from earned and half from unearned income. Now the unearned income has gone but the habits remain. We have got to change them.

If we are to preserve any unity of purpose as a nation one thing is essential, the sacrifices must be greatest at the very top. That is what the Opposition has not and perhaps cannot realise. They still talk of "lack of incentive" for men with high incomes who cannot make high profits. They are quite sincere. They see no other way of encouraging production than to offer those who already have most the prospect of having much more. They deplore super-tax and vote against the taxing of profits. With them the habits of wealth are so ingrained that they have become a disease.

But the people of this country have not fought two wars with great common sacrifice to restore inequalities which before this war were among the greatest in the world. The truth is that in this country for the next few years a man who earns £1,000 a year is going to be well paid and a man who owns £2,000 a year very well paid, and those who earn more should be very few. Up to those levels, or thereabouts, the greatest possible relief should be given in rebates on earned income, family and other allowances. Subsidies for essential goods can be reduced as allowances rise.

Above that level the Government must tax even more ruthlessly than it does now. A capital gains tax is essential for social reasons alone, and if it works in the United States it can surely be made to work here. In case bankruptcy is unavoidable next year a capital levy to reduce the national debt should be prepared.

I am not advocating "levelling" for the sake of levelling, I am advocating a drastic revision of all our scales of value. If there are men who will not stay in this country under these conditions let them go elsewhere. Here they will only do harm, constantly yearning for what they cannot have, disgruntled themselves and making others disgruntled. No man is indispensable and there are more than enough people for whom £2,000 a year is sufficient incentive to re-establish this country as the greatest trading nation in the world.

Provided these things are done at the top, but not otherwise, the Government can turn to the nation as a whole and tell it with real conviction that to demand shorter hours and higher wages without increased production will at this moment make no one richer. The trade unions claim with reason that collective bargaining is the best way of regulating wages. But a bargain takes into account both sides and, if employers' profits are strictly limited, wages cannot go on increasing. The result must be inflation. Moreover, bargains must be kept. Unofficial strikes and absenteeism can bring this country to the borders of starvation; unless the unions can enforce the contracts they make Government will be forced to impose a wages policy. They should be prepared to do so, and to introduce some direction of labour, by the beginning of next year.

In my opinion the recovery of this country and of Europe depends on the success of this Government. No other Government could command sufficient unanimity, no other programme would be so broadly acceptable as the basis for reconstruction. Nationalisation of the basic industries is the only foundation. But the backbone of the support of this Government is the trade union movement. At the moment, because of their tradition of struggle, because of the blindness of employers who never took workmen into their confidence or taught them the true relation of capital and labour, because the unions still see quick fortunes being made from capital gains, they are still suspicious. Some of their leaders still speak of the Government's plans as "your experiment." But the unions cannot have it both ways. Either their faith that a Labour Government will steadily improve the lot of their members is sufficient to induce them to play the part which alone can make that Government succeed, or they will bring that Government down. With its fall industrial relations might soon reach such a deadlock that not only would bankruptcy become inevitable but a solution without resort to force impossible. Even in England democracy is not automatic and to-day it will never survive widespread hunger.

AIDAN CRAWLEY

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

UNRRA's supply programme for Europe came substantially to an end on 30th June. No one can suppose that it has completed the job of bringing European production either to the 1938–39 level or to a level at which Europe can pay for the products it must import. The danger is that such progress as has been achieved may be lost and further recovery postponed.

At the very best, no goods will reach Europe as the result of the Marshall or any similar plan for at least six months, that is, not until January or February, 1948. It is, indeed, unlikely that they will arrive as soon as that. So Europe, even on the most optimistic calculation, is faced with a serious and prolonged interruption in the arrival of materials essential both for life on an elementary level and the recovery and development of productive facilities.

The cessation of the Unrra programme affects seriously only six countries. The dollar value of national programmes exceeded 100 million in only seven cases, but even a programme approaching 200 million for the Ukranian S.S.R. was minute in relation to total needs. The seriously affected countries are: Poland, 481; Italy, 421; Yugoslavia, 421; Greece, 351; Czechoslovakia, 264; and Austria, 136. It must be remembered, however, that the countries have known for almost a year that the programme would end and have had time to plan to do without.

Unrra has not been the only means of import for these countries. All of them have some, though indeed inadequate, supplies of foreign exchange with which to purchase, even in hard currency areas, certain supplies. Furthermore, there are still some Unrra supplies to be delivered after 30th June: Austria 4, Czechoslovakia 8, Greece 4, Italy 6, Poland 11, Yugoslavia 13 million dollars' worth.

It is common knowledge that U.S. assistance is being given to Greece, Italy, and Austria. It is more often forgotten that $90 millions have been loaned to Poland and that the most important item—railroad engines—acquired as a result, have not been, but are soon to be, delivered. The International Bank represents another possible source of foreign exchange to maintain the continuous flow of goods. If, as now seems most likely, the Bank adopts a banking, not a relief policy, that is, only lends money on good security where there is a reasonable chance that it will be repaid, Czechoslovakia certainly and Poland, quite possibly, would qualify as borrowers. Such loans will presumably only be made to cover the purchase of capital goods, such as equipment for power plants or factories, and not for consumable goods which, except as acquired by a nation's own foreign exchange resources, can come only from Unrra (but in fact almost none are still to be delivered), the American loans, or—in the future—the possible Marshall Plan. It must be remembered that almost anything sensible—whether capital or consumers' goods—supplied from any source is of real benefit to the recipient country and also to almost every other country in Europe. For example, the Polish Government has estimated that, after the arrival of engines from the U.S., it will be able to deliver in any month to shipside at Gdansk four times as much coal as can now be delivered. The advantage of this to Europe is self-evident.

Given then this situation, what, based on Unrra experience, needs to be done urgently and what can be done?

Over half of Unrra's programme has been food or supplies contributing to the growth of food. Is food (particularly bread grain) still necessary? For autumn delivery, generally speaking, no, with the possible exception of Poland, where the threshing season is usually very late. For delivery next spring: Austria, Greece, Italy and Poland.

Three of these countries will always need to import grains. Poland, of course, should have a surplus, but there, though there has been considerable recovery, full development has been delayed by excessive war devastation, and especially by the necessity of shifting a very large portion of the population from old lands in the east to new lands in the west. More seed (a most urgent, immediate requirement), draught power and fertiliser are still badly needed.

Except in Poland coal is a problem. In some countries, notably Yugoslavia, the present urgent need can ultimately be relieved somewhat by the development of water power. Assistance to Polish coal mines, the production of which can undoubtedly be increased by over 50 per cent., would be an excellent immediate and long-term investment for Poland and Europe.

Petrol, though certainly not abundant, is probably available in sufficient quantities, but high-grade lubricating oil for road transport and mechanised farm equipment is urgently needed. If existing vehicles can be kept in operation, transport facilities, though needing further improvement, can be made to do the job. Spare parts are the dangerous factor and should be given a very high priority, and tyres also.

Generally the outstanding rehabilitation accomplishment of Unrra has been in the field of agriculture. In Greece, for example, where it is generally believed that there was the least effective use of Unrra supplies, the harvest last summer was almost up to pre-war levels even though the acreage sown was appreciably less. Though good weather conditions and hard work by the farmers were primarily responsible for this remarkable result, Unrra help and equipment played a vital role. There is still room for improvement — particularly in Poland — and, though more mechanised equipment would be useful, it should not be supplied faster than it can be absorbed by trained operators and serviced with adequate oil. A steady programme rather than a very large one would now seem desirable.

Everywhere the import of consumers' goods (textiles, pots, pans, leather goods), though perhaps not the most urgent need, would certainly, by providing an outlet for the peasants' money, ease the task of grain collection and help maintain hope and enthusiasm. Everywhere industrial equipment—its precise nature varying from one country to another—is badly needed, but again on a programmed basis related to ability to absorb and use. In most countries varying amounts of raw cotton, and perhaps to a less extent raw wool and rubber, are needed immediately. In several countries—Greece and Yugoslavia, for example—further assistance with health programmes is certainly essential.

In all countries—with Czechoslovakia as the most notable exception—experts and trained technicians constitute one of the most vital needs. The sending of foreign experts to these countries is at the best only a palliative, at the worst ineffective. It is far better to train nationals of the countries. Technicians, with some training and knowing the language of the country to which they go, can in six to nine months gain invaluable knowledge.

Such, then, are some of the more urgent needs. It is certainly unlikely and even undesirable that the U.S. or any other country should continue to send materials to Europe if there is no basic improvement. Assuming that one way or another the needs can be met, would materials sent to Europe be used to restore productive powers? The Unrra experience permits an emphatic affirmative. Even in Greece, in conditions of civil war, there has been real progress in the field of agriculture, if not elsewhere. Hard-headed, practical Americans, with no Communist bias, testify to the excellent use—allowing for the shortage of experts and technicians—made of Unrra supplies in Poland and Yugoslavia.

With co-operation and good will European recovery can, in spite of the dangerous gap, be maintained until a real successor operation to Unrra can be established, always provided the advent of that operation is not too long postponed.

George Woodbridge,
Chief Archivist and Historian,
U.N.R.R.A.

A LONDON DIARY

The foiled attempt of an M.P. to raise the question in the House of the birching of the two very small boys at Old Trafford made me wonder in what circumstances court sentences can be queried by Parliament. Apparently, in its anxiety to maintain the independence of the judiciary, Parliament has made it impossible for itself to criticise, even by implication, the individual action of a judge or a magistrate's bench. In extreme cases a motion can be tabled to remove a particular judge or magistrate on the grounds of misconduct. But in the occasional instances of sentences which may seem ultra-severe to the ordinary man, nothing can be done unless it is within the power of the Home Secretary to remit or reduce the sentence. Then a Member may ask the Home Secretary to take action for reasons which he advances, at the same time treading warily to avoid criticism of the Court which passed the sentence. Obviously, the Home Secretary cannot remit a sentence of birching which has already been carried out, and however strong feeling may be, there is no remedy that an M.P. can propose apart from the removal of the magistrates concerned—a somewhat cumbrous proceeding carrying with it no guarantee of success. He could of course urge the Home Secretary to send out a general circular on the general subject of birching. If he timed it right, the connection between the events might be clear to the House and the country.

* * *

The documents which show the meaning of Sir Godfrey Huggins's plans for revising the constitution of Southern Rhodesia have been recently received here. The present Legislative Assembly has thirty members, elected by the European population of 95,000 and by the 136 Africans who have qualified to figure on the electoral roll. But Sir Godfrey is alarmed by the fact that two thousand more Africans, now eligible as voters, are taking steps to get themselves added to the roll. Sir Godfrey seems to feel that this menace to European domination must be extirpated. If the constitution remains as it is, he told the Legislative Assembly on May 28th, within twenty or thirty years the government of the colony would be controlled by the African voter. So the Prime Minister has proposed, first, to prevent any more Africans receiving the franchise, and secondly, to increase the number of European members to 40, of whom two are to be chosen to represent African interests but are, of course, themselves to be Europeans. This means that each 2,500 Europeans are to have one elected M.P.; and each 875,000 Africans are to have an M.P. who is alien and appointed for them. The African is to be deprived of the right (guaranteed by the 1923 constitution) of qualifying for the franchise on equal terms with the white man.

* * *

This seems to be a clear case for using the royal veto on legislation affecting native affairs, which also is part of the constitution. The timid will say that a veto on race-discrimination may mean that Southern Rhodesia will secede and join South Africa. That might not be a calamity, especially for the peoples of Northern Rhodesia and Nyassaland, who are threatened by the Southern Rhodesian infection. Nor will this solution necessarily appeal to the Rhodesian colonists, who are mainly recent arrivals with little reason to desire fusion in a community dominated by Afrikanders. In the May debate the Liberals (who number 11) said that they would vote against the plan of African disfranchisement. So that if the British Government made it perfectly plain to Sir Godfrey and the Southern Rhodesian Legislature that this is a case where the Crown's veto would be used in the interests of the majority of his Rhodesian people, Sir Godfrey Huggins might think again.

The Argentine Government evidently attaches great importance to the speech General Peron broadcast last week. I was surprised gratuitously to receive a verbatim transcript by cable from Buenos Aires, signed by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Worship as well as by the Department of Culture. As I had already been sent the text of the speech by the Argentine Embassy in London, I have been given ample opportunity to study this remarkable pronouncement. Never were platitudes more flatulently regurgitated.

> In Argentina Labour is organised and defended, politics are ensured and consolidated by constitutional precept, economy is recovered and supported by the action of the State, which means that it is defended and created by the hands of the people, culture as the means to express national feeling is closely woven with the universal content of the ancient cultures and the social doctrines and programmes, instruments of the mysticism impulsing the new man of America. . . .

* * *

John Lawrence, who this week reviews Kravchenko's *I Chose Freedom*, is in a good position to make a fair estimate of its value. He was the original editor of *British Ally*, published in Russia during the war; he speaks Russian fluently, lived and worked with Russians and travelled over large areas of the U.S.S.R. for a period of three critical years. His own book, *Life in Russia* (*Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.*), which is published this week, deals chiefly with every-day, non-political life in the Soviet Union, and with the ideas and behaviour of the people he met and worked with. This is just the kind of thoughtful and informative book we want; oddly enough, it is every-day Soviet life which remains the "unknown Russia."

* * *

The "proper fare" for a cab journey is no doubt the one registered on the taximeter at the end of the ride. But in London, although a cabby can't be compelled to drive more than six miles or for more than one hour, he can do so if he likes; and there has always been some doubt whether, by obliging in this way, he acquires the right to charge more than the amount on the taximeter. The High Court decided the other day that he does. A lady had hired a cab by telephone to go from Poplar to Finsbury Park, and the cabby, knowing this to be more than six miles, agreed to do it for twelve shillings. At Finsbury Park the meter showed 6s. 6d., and the lady asked "How much?" Not unnaturally, the driver said, "You know the agreement over the telephone was twelve shillings." So she paid up and reported the matter to the police, who prosecuted the driver for demanding more than the 6s. 6d. He was convicted, appealed unsuccessfully to Quarter Sessions, and appealed again to the King's Bench Division, where it was decided that "where the cabman had agreed to convey a fare more than six miles on one drive, no fare had been prescribed and it was left to a bargain between the parties."

What would have happened if the lady had paid the registered fare only—as, I gather, a few knowing people do when they have persuaded a cabby to get them home in an emergency by "agreeing" to pay a larger lump sum? It looks now as though the cabby could sue, which he would never have dared to do before. Incidentally, it was decided last year (by Quarter Sessions) that the six miles includes a return journey if that is specified from the outset; so if your destination is more than three miles from where you hire the cab you should, to be on the safe side, pay the driver off for the single journey and then re-hire him!

* * *

The best-natured comment I've heard on the newsprint cut came from Frank Owen, editor of the *Daily Mail*. Speaking at a Lord Mayor's function the other day, he recalled that in February the weekly press had been shut down and had been given hospitality by the dailies. He said he looked forward to the time when he would be asking the editor of the *New Statesman & Nation* to give free space to the *Daily Mail*. Critic

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to R. Gray.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Turning to crime stories proper, we regret to note that murder seems to be losing all association with refinement.—Book Review in *Church Times.*

The guard has instructions "not to allow any unauthorised person to approach the ravens."

If the ravens wish to stroll on the green, the sentries on duty must patrol behind them. When they go to roost, the patrol must watch over them.

Some of the Guardsmen told a *Sunday Express* reporter last night: "This is getting ridiculous. We have lost a lot of sleep over the ravens. It's time we stopped following them about."—*Sunday Express.*

The devil is active at the church, says a writer in Holy Trinity (Winchmore Hill) magazine, who tells of women's hats blown off, a server blown through a doorway, sheets of music scattered, and a priest stung by a wasp.—*Evening Standard.*

Because the Vicar of Burnham (Bucks) feels that a strain is placed on choirboys' loyalty and nerves, they are being allowed to leave church before the sermon on Sundays.—*Reynolds News.*

MONTY'S RATION

THE loan's disappearing,
The crisis is nearing,
And imports are rising though rations are shaved,
There is wailing and weeping
At Britain's housekeeping
And millions are spent to each fraction that's saved.
There are gloomy predictions
Of further restrictions
On petrol, tobacco and newsprint and tea,
But it's still felt essential
To raise war potential
While Monty is waving the flag oversea.

Our greatest expenses
Are so-called defences,
Our Army expenditure's high on the lists,
We must keep up our forces
Beyond our resources
For the Generals don't know that the atom exists.
We're told that the nation
Is near liquidation
While organized labour can't cope with the job
While workers more willing
Are marching and drilling
And the War Office vetoes a peacetime demob.

By stepped-up production,
By planned reconstruction
Our rulers inform us they'll pull off the trick,
But planning is thwarted
While labour's exported
And we're getting accustomed to living on tick.
It's not economic
When war is atomic
To march off our manpower all round the map,
But with armies disbanded
And commerce expanded
We might see some prospect of closing the gap.

Our shaky position
Needs no repetition,
Each peacemaking effort increases alarms,
But none are deluded
War risks are excluded
By keeping a million recruits under arms.
While little by little
They prune, pare and whittle,
To one major saving our rulers are blind,
Though Britain may pack up
The Generals they back up,
For Monty's morale must not be undermined.

SAGITTARIUS

GERMAN YOUTH IN CONFERENCE

AMID the ruins of the once beautiful city of Munich, a Conference of youth organisations has been sitting for five days, which ranks for Germans as an historical event. Its purpose, after fourteen years of isolation, was to bring representative groups of the youth of other lands into touch with young Germany. They came; they spoke with warm hearts, and they told the truth with candour. "It is bad," as one young German put it, "to be in want. It is worse to be hopeless. It is worst of all to be alone." Thanks to the generous humanity, above all of the French and the Dutch, this sense of loneliness has begun to disappear. Before this Conference these young Germans had been asking the question with deep anxiety: Must their generation bear on its shoulders the guilt of the past? Must it be boycotted and shunned for the misdeeds of its fathers, and live behind barbed wire in the centre of Europe? Inspired as it now is with an ideal of international co-operation, will it be welcomed and accepted by the victors of its own generation? It has had its answer, so far as its guests could give it. They came as neighbours and comrades, and the Conference ended happily in the belief, as one of Bavaria's Socialist Ministers put it, that its members have played their part as the forerunners of European unity.

The Conference was called by the Bavarian "Jugendring," which unites various organisations, some Catholic, some Socialist, others neutral; it has 300,000 members, about as many as there were in the youth movement of Bavaria in the days of the Weimar Republic. The Conference met for its public sessions in the great hall of the University. This place is haunted by the memory of the Scholls, brother and sister, who led that resistance group which won the sympathy of most of its fellow students during the war, and paid the penalty for their daring on the scaffold, as did the teacher who inspired them, Professor Huber. To-day the square in which the University stands is named after them, and their message, which called for a return to Christian ethics, is now the ideal round which German youth is rallying. Many of their comrades thought at the time that they threw away their lives needlessly by their refusal to dissemble, but it was precisely this chivalrous courage of theirs, this total indifference to consequences, that made them an inspiration to all who come after them.

The event of the Conference was the coming of André Gide. This honoured veteran spoke briefly and modestly; but his presence was with us all the time to link us with the culture of the past. The foreign speakers who made the deepest impression had all of them served in the resistance movements of France and Holland. It was precisely those who had felt most deeply the iniquity of Nazi barbarism who were the first to make a gesture of reconciliation. The most moving of these speeches came from a Dutch novelist, Jef Last, who had lain for long months in a German prison, and from a brilliant French journalist, André Ullman, who told us that he had learned his perfect German in Dachau, which was, for many of its inmates, an international university. These speakers held out a prospect of co-operation to German youth, but they warned it that it is still regarded by the majority of their fellow countrymen with deep distrust. The absence of any representatives of the youth of Russia and the border States conveyed the same lesson.

With one exception the spokesmen of the German youth addressed us from their various standpoints as convinced democrats. None of them so much as hinted at their need for material help; all of them stressed their sense of loneliness and begged for the comradeship of the youth of other lands. All of them looked forward to the day when Germans will be allowed to contribute something of their own to the common life of a united Europe. All of them spoke of the horror with which they viewed the possibility of a third World War. The speaker who stressed with the greatest emphasis the determination of German youth to stand aloof from any war between East and West was applauded to the echo. These speeches are not yet the voice of the majority of the younger generation. So much several of them conceded. It may be true, as a working man said to me, that millions of young Germans would volunteer for a war against Russia.

What was, I think, the typical view of the younger generation was voiced in the frankest and most revealing of all these speeches by a spirited and attractive young woman, an art student, whose poems show promise. She said plainly that, though she wished with all her heart to accept the democratic gospel, she was not yet convinced; there was much that was corrupt in the teaching of the Nazis, but there were genuine idealists among them. She welcomed the freedom of speech that prevails to-day, but could she be sure that some years hence membership of one of the parties of to-day might not be reckoned as a crime? Much was going on around her which she could not reconcile with the professed ideals of the democrats. She went on to describe the confusion and the split mind of her own generation, indoctrinated as it had been with the Nazi gospel from childhood. It learned to see the world through coloured spectacles, and now these spectacles had been roughly broken. To-day it feared to accept another pair of a different colour. She ended with an appeal to Germany's neighbours to help the German youth to enlarge its field of vision. "Come often to our country; help us to understand your way of life, and teach us to think politically." This speech made something of a sensation. Some applauded, others whistled. The Germans felt that this young woman had broken the unanimity of the conference, but for most of the foreign guests hers was the most instructive speech of all, by reason of its naïve honesty. Again and again, as I talked with the young people in little groups, I heard the same frank confession of ignorance and confusion, the same dread of dogmatism and the same reluctance to be regimented in a party.

Best of all in these five days were the chances that came to us foreign guests to talk with our young German hosts in the youth hostels, among the lakes and woods. Some talked frankly of their military service and the shattering at its end of all their earlier conceptions of patriotism and nationalism. Others had a tragic record of suffering in the underground movement. Both had experienced a loss of their illusions, and now they were united in their search for a new ideal. What impressed me most deeply was their warmth of feeling and their combination of simplicity with quick intelligence. They have reacted against the Nazis first by a return to Christian ethics, though few of them retain an uncritical obedience to any church. They talked of fundamental things without our English reserve—mercy, humanity and truth. They stress what is for the Germany of to-day a new idea, the all-importance of our common humanity and the triviality of the things that divide us. They have acquired, by their experience of life under a totalitarian tyranny, a new sense for the worth of human personality.

For the rest, the interest of these young people is centred largely in the hope of a united Europe. They understand that Germany can win a tolerable standard of life only by intimate co-operation with her neighbours. Some of them saw the danger of a Western Bloc. The idea of a functional organisation was new to them and made little appeal to them when I tried to define it. What attracts them is a European Federation, and that is true of their elders also. Some of them are thinking of emigration on a big scale, but the general view is, I think, that a young man's duty is to stay in this afflicted land and serve it with all his talents. They are not content with words. In Munich they are planning the building, with their own hands, near the city, of a settlement for the young refugees expelled from the Eastern provinces. I was deeply touched when the spokesmen of the Munich groups asked my opinion of another project they are considering. What would England reply, if they offered to go as volunteers, without pay, to rebuild Coventry?

There is much else that deserves a fuller report. German choirs sang perfectly for us. A brilliant "cabaret" show was staged for us, which satirised all that is amiss in the Germany of to-day. But I must end on another note. What German youth asks of us is, first of all, our intellectual collaboration. It is starved for want of English books, the classics as well as recent books and periodicals. It asks for lecturers who can deal scientifically with the Nazi doctrine of race. Above all, it wants in large numbers to travel and study and work in England. "How else," as one lad put it, "can we learn what democracy means in action?"

This gathering of all that is hopeful in the German youth of to-day left on my mind a disturbing sense of our British responsibilities, surrounded by the too visible machinery of our Occupation; it is aware of us, as few of us are yet aware of it. It will be made or marred by our conduct in the next year. To-day it is confused and sceptical. To-morrow, if things go no better, it will be cynical and embittered. In this ruined slum in the heart of Europe a generation will come to maturity which will laugh bitterly at all our talk of democracy. "Democracy," we tell it, "is free discussion." Certainly it is: but it is also fraternity. Important as books and lectures are, how much do they mean to half-starved students camped amid the ruins? I saw the room in a "bunker" (air-raid shelter) in which two university students slept and studied. It measured six feet square and it had no window. Hundreds were in the same case. On the official rations no one can work: it is a miracle that these young people can study at all, struggling all the time to flog their under-nourished brains into activity. Until we face, as we have not yet done, the elementary problems of food and shelter, we shall not win this generation to a belief in the sincerity of our good will. When at last it emerges from the impotence and misery of to-day, it will have lost its faith in our common humanity. The pioneers did well at Munich, but their good work will be lost unless governments act on the same inspiration, and that promptly.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

A WAGES POLICY?

(This article by a leading member of the National Union of Boot and Shoe Trade Operatives is of special interest in view of Mr. Deakin's reference to the problem of manning the basic industries.)

THE coming to power of a Labour Government pledged to a policy of full employment and social security places the trade unions of the country in a situation which calls for qualities of statesmanship beyond those hitherto demanded of them. A policy of full employment in itself demands an attitude of reason and restraint from trade unionists if it is to be carried through without inflationary consequences.

The Government, on its part, if it is to defend the real value of social security benefits, must maintain a policy of monetary stability. Ill-considered demands of sectional interests in the trade union world would, if pressed without regard to consequences, result in the destruction of the real value of social security payments. Historically, trade unions have in the nature of things been opportunist and empirical in their approach to the questions of hours and wages. Whenever circumstances have seemed to favour such action, they have pressed home their claims on reluctant employers. With the coming of a Labour Government and a policy of full employment, this attitude must be modified in the interests of trade unionists themselves.

A condition of full employment offers a dangerous opportunity for demagogic opportunism. Under it, trade unions are operating in a sellers' market. At the same time, since employers are in a sellers' market, too, they may offer only tentative opposition to wage claims. The Gilbertian situation may arise, therefore, that in the interests of monetary stability, a Labour Government may implore employers to resist wage earners' demands for increases, and do so in the interests of the workers themselves. Otherwise, old-age pensions, sickness benefits, and the like will tend to fall in real value, or will have to be maintained by ever increasing contributions. The Government could not permit this to happen. It is in the interests of trade unionists themselves that it should not happen.

For the moment the value of wages and social service payments is being maintained by subsidies to the tune of £400 millions a year. These subsidies are paid out of taxation. The Chancellor indicated in his Budget speech in April that we have reached the limit and that he is looking round for opportunities of reducing this sum because the tax burden on the community is too heavy. He has also made it clear that continuous and ill-considered demands for wage increases will embarrass the Government.

In this matter, both the Government and the trade unions are on the horns of a dilemma. They face each other as opponents. The trade unions maintain their power and prestige by securing for their members wage increases when the market is favourable and resisting reductions when it is not. Operating in a sellers' market, therefore, the tendency will be for unions to exert pressure for increases of wages and reductions of hours.

Inevitably, the Government must resist or let monetary stability go by the board. There are those who think that the Government itself should formulate a wage policy. This the trade unions surely must in their turn resist if only because their very existence is at stake. Moreover, another Government might use a wage policy less sympathetically than Mr. Attlee.

The fixing of wages for all industries would set the Government an impossible task. It would also in turn tend to destroy the trade unions themselves. What is perhaps even more dangerous, the Government would be permanently in opposition to the trade unions. As it is, the employers act as a buffer between the parties and since 80 per cent of industry is to remain in private hands, it may be presumed that established wage negotiating machinery will continue to operate. The Government itself favours this view. But the danger remains that trade unionists may regard employers as Government agents in resisting wage claims.

It would be preferable for the Government to play a more open and a more active part in wage negotiation even if it were only to place information and the services of a trained economist at the disposal of the parties. Conferences between employers and employed for the purpose of fixing wages and conditions of employment are always hampered by lack of information. Trade union officials naturally assume that employers talk with their tongues in their cheeks on such occasions. A Labour Government could destroy this distrust by itself providing fact-finding machinery.

It is not generally appreciated by trade unionists that a policy of full employment destroys the "labour market." Under a condition in which the coercive effects of unemployment have free play, labour tends to flow towards those employments which offer greatest security. Consequently, there is no such thing as an under-manned industry. Unemployment is a feature of all industries. Under a condition of full employment, on the other hand, it will always be necessary to offer inducements to secure the manning up of the more dangerous and arduous occupations. In the inter-war years, it was these industries which were most heavily hit by unemployment and low wages. The consequence is that they have a depleted labour force. In order to secure recruits to those industries, inducements in one form or another will have to be offered. The only satisfactory inducement is the offer of higher wages. The trade unions prefer this. Offers of other inducements, such as extra food or housing, carry an element of "privilege" which workers in other industries resent. Particularly is this so with respect to food.

If, out of regard for the opinion of workers in other industries, other inducements are not to be offered in the under-manned industries, wage inducements are essential. The danger lies in this that increased wages to some may be used as the reason for increases to others on grounds of "equity." If the entry of workers into some industries is to be encouraged by the offer of increased wages, from what other industries are they to come, in the present position of full employment? They should come, of course, from the less socially desirable industries. More often than not, however, it is in just such industries that the highest wages are paid. Far too much money is finding its way into luxury and betting industries, and it is clear that the entry of workers into these industries should be discouraged.

A differential profits tax would be justifiable as one method of discouragement. Indeed, it is doubtful if the Government can expect trade unions to refrain from pressing wage claims unless a limit is put to profits by means of differential taxation. Left-wing politicians and economists are giving much thought to ths problem. That is all to the good because clearly it is the necessary concomitant of a wage policy. Right-wing politicians who have pressed the Government to impose a wage policy on trade unions have clearly overlooked this aspect of equity in industrial relationships. The trade unions are right in insisting that, if there is to be anything in the nature of a ceiling to wages, there should also be a ceiling to profits.

In the second place, the Government, in order to influence the flow of capital as well as labour into under-manned industries, should allow a higher rate of profits to be distributed than in less socially important industries. The increased production in basic industries would offset the increased wages and profits in them.

It is not enough that the importance of increased production should be stressed. It is equally imperative that a brake should be applied to wage demands. Under a Labour Government, labour has gained one of its great aims, it has ceased to be a "commodity." It must be ready to accept the implications of the position.

ARTHUR ALLEN

FISHERMAN'S HOLIDAY

THE end of June or the beginning of July marks the opening of the herring season in Iceland. It is no doubt important but too regular an occurrence to be of more than local interest. To Iceland, of course, it is everything. Her entire economy depends upon fish and herring, particularly on herring oil. Her prosperity—and it is considerable at the moment—derives largely from her fish produce. During the war years some 250,000 tons of Icelandic fish were sent to Britain, and paid for in dollars. In the lives of the Icelanders, therefore, the opening of the herring season is more than a passing event.

The process each year is the same. First a detachment of Reykjavik's 200 strong police force moves up north, to the small town of Siglufjordur, the centre of the herring industry. The police know what to expect when money flows as easily as the Government-owned liquor, variously described as a cross between gin and schnapps or affectionately labelled "Black Death." Next, the population all over the country thins out and moves up north. Siglufjordur's three thousand natives are swamped by at least three times that number of seasonal workers. Finally the trawlers assemble in the port. The herring season is Iceland's yearly rendezvous with destiny.

The fish this year were punctual as usual. The first shoal of herring was sighted on the first day of July. The waters of Siglufjordur and Husavik were silver with fish. But if ever the fish had been told tales of what happened to their parents and grandparents in these waters, they must have grown suspicious of the credulity of these tales. For there was no apparent obstruction in their path. The little town of Siglufjordur slept peacefully. The quays were empty. The trawlers lay lazily at anchor. The fish, of course, did not know that the trade unions had called their men out on strike. The Icelanders did know it. But few worried. Things had been so good lately, they could not change suddenly, they must have thought. At least that is the only explanation one can find. The Icelanders imagine they live in a dreamland and refuse to believe that it is merely a dreamland's illusion.

Outwardly it certainly has all the reality of prosperity. Reykjavik, the capital, far from being a small town with wooden houses and second-hand goods, looks just like a thriving, prosperous Mid-Western American city. There is probably no other place in the world with so many brand-new cars, so many stocks of boxing gloves, office equipment, skis, cosmetics, badminton sets, tins of tomato juice, nor with so many well-dressed women all wearing nylon or silk stockings. The whole country swims in money. It is the direct result of British and American investments on aerodromes, fortifications and bases during the war. Wages went up rapidly and prices followed in their wake. To-day the country enjoys an unhealthy inflation. The cost of living index, with 1940 at 100, stands at 310. A meal, without drinks, costs 12s.; a bottle of whisky £3 10s.; a room for a night at least 30s.; an office rent which was £20 before the war is now £70. Wages are fixed accordingly. A clerk earns £20 a week; an unskilled labourer gets about £14. And this, his union claims, is not enough.

Early in June the fishermen struck. The Government had refused to discuss their demands for a wage increase of 10%, knowing that other unions would follow, prices rise still more, thus making it still more difficult to sell the herring abroad. The union persisted. Ever since there has been no movement in Reykjavik harbour. One ship tried to go to a neighbouring port to unload, but the dockers there promptly came out on a sympathy strike. The Americans from their airfield at Keflavik offered to unload the food from their ships but the request was refused. A Norwegian boat which had brought a statue of Iceland's 13th-century bard, Snorri Sturlison, as a gift from the Norwegian people, and which was to have been unveiled later this month in the presence of the Norwegian Crown Prince, promptly turned back and sailed home again. And the British seamen, stranded in their ship, looked sullen and bored because they knew that the 26 kronas which they got for one pound would not get them far.

The fish, meanwhile, had a merry time while the politicians hurled abuse and invectives at each other. And as for aggressiveness there is probably no other place on earth that revels so much in it as Iceland. So much so that it was almost completely forgotten that the very fish that went uncaught had already been sold, and that Iceland at the moment was actually living on the loan advanced to her by Great Britain for these herring.

But, as everywhere else, economic considerations and political motives are not easily divisible in Iceland. In fact, a fierce struggle for power is at the root of the present trouble. In essence it is a test between the unions which are controlled by the Communists, and the Government in which the Communists are not represented. They left the Coalition last autumn over the Keflavik issue which granted the Americans the use of the airbase for the next six years. Shortly before that matter came to a head Russia had, for the first time, entered Iceland's export market with an exceedingly generous offer. They bought £2,210,000 worth of Icelandic goods and exported to that country a mere £280,000 worth. The balance was a much appreciated present and no small matter; for Iceland, after the war, was beginning to experience difficulties in getting rid of her goods at their high prices.

The Keflavik issue, therefore, was fought partly with an eye on a potentially rewarding market (especially as Russia last year had paid in dollars) and partly under the sign of international strategy and national pride. It was a fierce fight in every respect, with the Prime Minister being attacked bodily, with a 24-hour General Strike and a heated debate in Parliament. The Communists lost narrowly. Ever since they have been in opposition. But if they represent only 20% of the electorate, they control the trade unions almost exclusively. They are by no means a negligible factor.

The country itself, meanwhile, underwent some of the most rapid changes from prosperity to a slump. The external assets which in 1945 amounted to over twenty-three million in dollars and pounds, had vanished by the end of last year. The country had been buying abroad at fabulous speed, chiefly luxuries, and had exported less than she had purchased. And now that the external assets had gone and foreign markets were difficult to find, Iceland suddenly, "like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky," as the official Government paper put it, found herself on the edge of bankruptcy. England stepped in and advanced a million pound for the herring that was still uncaught. Russia, too, agreed to buy Icelandic fish again. But this time it was a hard cash-on-delivery deal. According to the Communists, it was Russia's answer to Keflavik. And so, over the matter of wages, they called out their men on strike. It was certainly the most opportune moment to force the hand of the Government and change its make-up. It resembles the position in France, only on a smaller scale. It is, of course, a mistake to think, merely because the aeroplane is running away from Europe, that one is no longer in Europe. Iceland belongs to it, and her presence at Paris is no accident. Her standard of living is high, and if her economy were properly handled, her contribution, though small, could be useful.

Keflavik meanwhile has been forgotten. The five hundred Americans, isolated on the grim, lava-surrounded airfield, have not even a bus service into Reykjavik. They are all in civvies and undistinguishable from the Icelanders, all of whom wear American-cut clothes. The Russian Legation, the biggest in Iceland, is equally isolated, refraining ostensibly from all contact with the diplomatic corps or Icelandic affairs. When the Agricultural Fair was opened at the beginning of this month all foreign representatives had agreed to send the flags of their respective countries. But the Russian Minister changed his mind. As a result no flags were flown.

It is the by now familiar pattern reflected faithfully in far-away Iceland. But the Icelanders know that their former "farawayness" is a thing of the past. Their capital lies on the direct route between America and Russia, 2,610 miles from New York, 2,055 miles from Moscow. They already played a vital part in the Battle of the Atlantic in the last war. In the new era of rocket and atomic missiles their strategic importance becomes even greater. But what the Icelanders seem to forget is that, war or no war, their immediate future still depends upon this year's herring season. Iceland faces the same "export or die" problem as does England. But the Icelanders did too well in wartime. They still bathe themselves in their illusionary dreamland which they thought would be as "perpetual" as their neutrality.

Last week, however, the peace of the fish was disturbed. The Government, or the Communists (or both) gave in. Wages went up by about five per cent. What effect this will have on prices, and particularly on the fish already sold to Britain, still remains to be seen. But the fish had a nice, if short, holiday. Stephen Simmons

COUNTING BRITAIN'S BIRDS

Recent years have seen the development of bird-watching from the status of a hobby to a science of considerable importance, and it is now generally realised that the abundance or otherwise of birds in a district and, more especially, the distribution of the members of the various species are economic factors which play their part in agriculture, horticulture, and a host of other things.

It is, indeed, becoming universally recognised that instead of regarding such things as bird protection and vermin extinction on a broad national basis, much more localised observation is necessary. An abundance, rather than the mere presence, of such species as the rook, the starling, and even the much-maligned little owl is the only foundation on which to make a true assessment of their relationship to crop-growing activities.

Not so very long ago one of the leading ornithologists of the world reminded British naturalists that while they had accumulated masses of interesting information about such rare species as harriers, eagles, and the like, there had been far too few observations on the habits of the more common birds and that a great deal of mystery still surrounded the family life of such an abundant species as the house sparrow. His plea for more information about the ordinary birds of the countryside was successful, with the result that a number of societies have organised bird surveys and censuses with the intention of finding more about the habits and distribution of such common species as the heron, the great crested grebe, the magpie, and the different members of the owl family.

Within the last two decades there have been several attempts to estimate the total land-bird breeding population of Britain. In May, 1932, Mr. E. M. Nicholson gave the figure for England and Wales as about 80 millions; in his *Watching Birds*, published in November, 1940, Mr. James Fisher put the figure for Great Britain (excluding Ireland) as 120,259,700. This works out at an average of two birds per acre.

Britain's bird population is subject to many fluctuations brought about by changes in environment and the competition between the different species, especially when something approaching saturation point has been attained in relation to the available food supply or breeding conditions. Extensive tree felling can, of course, bring about great changes in the distribution of breeding rooks, just as increased agricultural activity and the ploughing of much former arable land have an effect on the distribution of breeding birds. These changes are in addition to those brought about through biological causes, such as the cycles of increasing and decreasing fertility which affect many species of birds just as they do the different races of mankind.

This year yet another factor has to be taken into consideration as affecting the balance of natu[illegible]or not only did thousands of birds perish during the severe weather of the early weeks of the year but the continuing cold spell caused trees to be late in bearing foliage. As a consequence, many birds delayed nesting until trees, hedges, and undergrowth were able to afford sufficient protective covering. This meant a considerable reduction in the number of early broods, and even when early broods were reared a lack of insect food caused many fledglings to perish.

One of the chief sufferers was a bird which has engaged the attention of the bird counters within the last decade, the heron. In 1928 the British Trust for Ornithology organised a census of the heronries in Great Britain, and since then annual counts of the nesting grounds have been made in order that the fluctuations of the heron population of these islands can be duly recorded.

Hard winters in 1939-40 and 1944-45 caused considerable reductions in the numbers of breeding herons, but a surprising feature revealed by the annual counts was a quick return to par in the next two or three years and then a position of comparative stability until the next severe winter came along.

While the heron, apart from the temporary setbacks caused by these severe winters, has a relatively static population, two other birds whose range has increased very rapidly in recent years are being studied as part of a long-term scheme by members of the British Trust for Ornithology. One of these, the black redstart, is a land-breeding bird; the other, the fulmar, a sea bird.

Few things in the ornithological world have attracted more interest than the discovery of three pairs of black redstarts nesting in the old Palace of Engineering at Wembley in 1926, the year following the close of the Empire Exhibition. Although there had been a solitary record of the bird breeding in Sussex three years previously, it was at the time known only as a rare winter visitor and passage migrant in the London area.

Much more rapid has been the increase of the fulmar, a cliff-breeding sea bird which has been extending its breeding limit southwards at a great rate during the last fifty years. According to Darwin this was the commonest species in the world, but its breeding haunts, so far as the British Isles were concerned, were restricted to the remote islands of St. Kilda right until 1878. In that year, however, when a whale was being cut up on Foula, loneliest and rockiest of the Shetland Isles, the fulmars came along and started to breed, and since then there has been a remarkable spread. In 1905 they had reached the mainland of Scotland near John o' Groat's; by 1922 they had colonised the east coast as far as Flamborough Head in Yorkshire. Down the West coast fulmars reached the Isle of Man and St. Bee's Head, in Cumberland, in 1941.

To-day, that southward spread continues, with the low cliffs of Norfolk as the southernmost reported breeding post, and reports of birds around the cliffs of Kent and Cornwall during the nesting season. This extending breeding range of the fulmar is certainly one of the most fascinating expansions of recent years.

Keeping track of extending haunts of species and of fluctuations in bird population plays a great part in the activities of Britain's ever-increasing numbers of bird watchers. It is indicative of an era in which ornithology has changed from the mere search for the *rara avis*, into something much more tangible and real, a science in which a complete understanding of the biotic relationship between bird and man is the ultimate aim. SYDNEY MOORHOUSE

The Arts and Entertainment

THE MOVIES

"Nanook of the North," at the London Pavilion

"Les Disparus de St. Agil," at Studio One

"So Well Remembered," at the Leicester Square

"The Hucksters," at the Empire

This is a week for revivals. (Such weeks presumably will gain on us when the dollar cut comes into play.) At the Curzon an "International Season" provides a second or third opportunity to view such recent triumphs as Coctean's *L'Eternel Retour* (last three days of this week) and Dreyer's *Day of Wrath* (forthcoming). *Don Quixote* enjoys a week at the Everyman, *Les Enfants du Paradis* a week at the Roxy, Westbourne Grove. Raimu in *The Well-Digger's Daughter* will be found at the Tottenham Court Road Carlton, and in *Monsieur La Souris* retires like seedy royalty (but not, let us hope, for long) from the programme at Studio One to give place to the pre-war but eminently revivable *Les Disparus de St. Agil.* But the chief occasion of all has been the return of *Nanook of the North.*

Flaherty's twenty-seven-year-old documentary of Eskimo life survives the fashions of a quarter of a century by its inherent drama and the simplicity of its style. The facts are fascinating: journeys over the ice, huskies sitting out in a blizzard, igloo building, spearing walrus and seal, keeping life together on a little raw meat and in a temperature that may drop to ninety degrees below. We see a fox fetched up from its almost invisible peep-hole in the snow, the Eskimo family piling together out of kayak and into sleeping-bag: if anything has been missed in this 45 minutes' reporting, it is the ritual and superstition that must attach to this hazardous existence. And at moments, especially during the winter scenes, a piercing intensity informs the forlorn Arctic desert. The film has been supplied with a good commentary, and except at the beginning, where some scrappiness has resulted from removing the written caption, it tells its own story simply and well.

There have been fresher, more touching glimpses of school life than in *Les Disparus de St. Agil,* but this piece can hold its own for atmosphere and excitement. The day dawns ominously and early at St. Agil's with a rat-tat-tat on the kettledrum—five minutes, indeed, earlier than it should, since the school sergeant has turned out before his time and it's freezing weather and he prefers to push on the clock's hand to seven rather than wait. Moreover, he is predisposed to the occult; and mystery begins to take a Gothic turn. There are the footsteps of the master whose insomnia makes him ambulate at night: his colleagues never fail to inquire how he has slept. Another suffers from persecution mania and palpably drinks; another, besides being a foreigner, seems muffled up in a frightening secrecy of his own. Then one of the boys sees a figure step out of the wall and glide across a corridor. The whisperings between the cubicles at night grow wilder. The escape club (three boys who have sworn to flit to America) loses first one, then another, then its third and last member. The drawing master plunges to his death over the staircase balustrade. "There wasn't much blood," whispers one boy to another as they are hurried away in file. It is, in fact, the kind of winter term any prep-school boy would give his stamp album to experience.

If *Les Disparus de St. Agil* were made to-day, it would perhaps be taken more wholeheartedly as a romp. Not that the fun has been missed, but there is a certain solidity of character and mock-seriousness of situation on the detective-story level. Fantasy has been kept for most of the way within bounds. Stroheim and Michel Simon add weight as well as eccentricity to the behaviour of the masters, and an imaginative camera threads its way during breaks and in and out of class-rooms. The director is François Carron and the producer M. Christian-Jacque, whose skill, unfortunately, has since been turned to rivalling the more vulgar achievements of Hollywood.

So Well Remembered is a product of Anglo-American co-operation and probably as good as any such product can be. It has meant, of course, half-spoiling an English piece for the sake of American audiences, just as M. Christian-Jacque with the same object has drained the Frenchness out of *Symphonie Fantastique* and *Boule de Suif.* This is a pity because *So Well Remembered* gives a vivid impression of rain, cotton-mills, local politics, courtship, and the inter-war years in a Lancashire town. The grimness, we discover, is laid on with a purpose: at the end the young girl of the early scene must return as a high-handed old autocrat who vents her spite on the workers in her cotton-mills. Mr. John Mills gives the most solid performance of his career as a radical editor and politician, and despite melodrama this is not an unserious or insensitive film.

The Hucksters is a satire on radio advertising, far too long, far too sentimental, and in the end far too imbued with the qualities it satirises to be more than intermittently amusing. The scenes in an advertising office, with Sidney Greenstreet as a visiting soap king

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and Adolphe Menjou as his jumpy chamberlain, provide some very funny moments; the rest of the film is an elaborate window-dressing for the personalities of Mr. Clark Gable and Miss Deborah Kerr. It is very smoothly done after its fashion, but a pity in Miss Kerr's case, for she can (as we know) also act.

William Whitebait

RADIO NOTES

The relay of Racine's *Athalie* from Paris was an exemplary piece of broadcast drama. I hope (without much conviction) that British producers (both stage and radio) listened to at least some of it, for it contained a great deal they could have learnt with profit. The traditional delivery of classical Alexandrines is a technique to which we have no parallel in this country, where the speaking of Elizabethan blank verse is a haphazard affair, at the mercy of the personal eccentricities of star actors and of producers whose chief aim seems to be to draw attention to themselves (I refer to the theatre, not to the radio). In France no producer would dream of smothering Racine's lines with a distracting combination of decor, fussy action, and loud incidental music. M. Paul-Louis Mignon's radio production treated a sober and magnificent tragedy with analogous respect.

Athalie was Racine's last play. Written in 1691, fourteen years after *Phèdre*, it seems to retain faint echoes of that confounding masterpiece, as if Phèdre herself had continued to live on in Racine's imagination to inject his final heroine with some of her own two-minded violence. For Athalie, like Phèdre, is torn between a desire to see her power embodied in revenge, and something which, for want of a better name, we must agree to call love. This conflict, which Racine, with the instinct of dramatic genius, wove so cunningly into the crucial scene between Athalie and the child Joas, in Act II—a scene which on the surface appears to be about something else—was brilliantly suggested by Mlle. Claire Nobis, whose fine contralto evoked all the baleful splendour of the eastern queen. Indeed the effectiveness of this part is in inverse proportion to its length: Athalie appears only twice in the whole play, but the vigour and intensity of her utterance in Act II is sufficient to make us feel that her personality has dictated the course of the two succeeding acts, during which she is absent from the stage. The speaking of the verse by the whole cast was so interesting that I propose to return to the subject next week.

As regards the rest of the production, I should emphasize its extreme plainness and avoidance of distracting detail, and the altogether admirable use of music. Of this there was a good deal (as Racine indeed indicated there should be), but apart from preludes and a few transitional passages, it was confined to the elaborate choruses with which Racine intended to preserve the continuity of the action. While the ensemble sections were sung in chorus, the solo stanzas were spoken by single voices over a succession of unobtrusive harp chords. This solution of a vexed problem seemed to me peculiarly happy, for the alternation of sung and spoken words over a continuous musical background was expressive and not in the least confusing. The music itself, by Daniel Lesur, had a modal simplicity that was just right. It was, I thought, a sensible idea to divide the play into two evenings, in order to halve the strain a broadcast of this kind inevitably imposes on British ears, however accustomed they may be to the French language. Apart from a hitch or two in the transmission, and some over-sibilant S's, the relay was remarkably good.

It is to be hoped that that admirable institution, the Club d'Essai of the Radiodiffusion Française, will be persuaded to send us other broadcasts of French verse drama as good as this one.

Edward Sackville West

FOUR PLAYS

"Deep are the Roots," at Wyndham's

"Boys in Brown," at the Duchess

"Maya," at the Arts

"The Voice of the Turtle," at the Piccadilly

The "roots" at Wyndham's are those of the tangled and perhaps wholly ineradicable prejudice against the negro, which is part of the conditioning of every white person living south of the Mason-Dixon line. A young negro, after being accepted as an equal by many kinds of people in Europe, returns with a distinguished military record to the black-and-white community in which he was born. The play's events are wholly credible. The conflict arises from the different *kinds* of sympathy which the two sisters of the white household have felt for the black-skinned boy who has grown up from childhood with them. It is a tribute to the playwrights' skill and to the quality of the acting that Gordon Heath (as the negro, Brett Charles) and Betsy Drake (as Genevra Langdon) are wholly convincing as the ill-starred couple who *have* to sacrifice themselves to the conventions of their social surroundings. The solution they accept is both dramatically and psychologically correct.

There are two remarkable things about *Boys in Brown*, which projects the complex Borstal scene on a simply set, uncluttered stage. First, Mr. Reginald Beckwith has dexterously combined accurate information, balanced propaganda and the mounting excitement of well-constructed drama; secondly, he has so infected the entire cast with his sincerity that the information is delivered urgently, the propaganda angrily and the drama with a lovely lack of contrivance.

Centrally Mr. Beckwith's play poses a single problem—the enforced proximity in one institution of delinquent wheat to delinquent chaff—and poses it from the viewpoint both of inmate and of governor. "The difficulty with Borstal," says an inmate speaking of the unseemlier temptations that beset him, "is that you can't get the *right* temptations to give in to." "The difficulty with Borstal," says the Governor an Act later, "is that you spend so much time looking after the bad boys that you haven't much left to look after the good." Among the inmates, Nigel Stock most vividly portrays the nervous hysteria of a potential innocent facing thieves; John Carol, the fake tranquillity of your deep neurotic; and Michael Ripper the solid wrath of an unrepentant sinner who alone, among undecided adolescents, knows precisely the measure of his own irretrievably warped mind. The production everywhere bears evidence of unobtrusive attention to detail by Norman Marshall.

To the picturesque sentimentalities of the 20's, the revival of *Maya* added a peculiar English embarrassment: the Kensington accent. We are still amused by the Barrie-like impudence of M. Gantillon who turns his prostitute into a Mary Rose of *le vieux port*; what gets us down are the English cast's unconquerable lapses into the socially presentable. The best scenes and the one admirable line come from the documentary part. When the maudlin stoker is asked about his voyage and replies, in a throw-away line: "Liverpool-Shanghai 65 days" the play does touch a real note of human anguish. Miss Vivienne Bennett was affecting but monotonous as the prostitute; the character, as written by M. Gantillon, is pretty thoroughly observed but she was encouraged to leave half of it unacted under the dead weight of M. Gantillon's allegory; Michael Yannis and Hedley Briggs (as the carpet seller) gave us good, garish studies.

It is a matter of glum sociological interest that *The Voice of the Turtle* should have had a huge run in New York. Even those who can stand promiscuity sugared and can dispense with wit, have a tedious evening before them. Miss Margaret Sullavan, when she is audible, gives a clever portrait of the kind of quaint, mimsy, brainless young actress whose neck needs wringing; but the play drags and sleeps. It wakes up only in its business and its guilty scurryings from bedroom to sitting room and from sitting room to perfectly appointed kitchenette. Mr. Van Drutan returns from America to give London its stickiest piece of gum.

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Correspondence

THE CASE OF MR. BROWN

SIR,—In your article entitled "The Case of Mr. Brown" you say that "It is clear that the cause of the trouble which led to Mr. Brown's complaint was the peculiar character of the contract, which he could terminate on discretion but the Association could not."

With respect, the contract was not, in the circumstances of things, peculiar at all, and it was emphatically not the terms of the contract which caused the trouble, but something very different.

Established Civil Servants are free to leave the Service of the Government at any time they choose. They may terminate "at discretion" but the Government is not free to dismiss an established Civil Servant except for misconduct. It is very natural, therefore, that a Service Organisation should embody in its agreements with its officers—not merely me—the same broad provisions as applied to established Civil Servants themselves.

The "cause of the trouble" was not the terms of the contract. It was the flagrant disregard by the Executive Committee—not the Association's membership—of the agreement that I was to engage in my political activities with complete freedom. The conception of freedom held by the Executive was apparently that I was quite free to take a political line of which they approved, but not to take a political line of which they did not approve. It is a conception of "freedom" which is becoming distressingly common in the modern world!

If, by saying that the cause of the trouble was the "peculiar character of the contract," you mean that but for its terms the Executive could have discharged me without difficulty, this would, of course, be true. But to discharge an officer for doing precisely what his contract said he could do, would, I submit, be an even grosser breach of political proprietary than the incidents of which I complain.

You are right, however, in stressing that the problem is not solved by forbidding formal contracts. An informal understanding which can be enforced by financial sanction can be just as destructive of freedom as a formal document. The main difference between my formal contract and many other contracts, formal and informal, was that the terms of my contract were published to the world, and that the contract expressly provided that I was to be politically free.

W. J. BROWN

2 Upper Belgrave Street,
London, S.W.1.

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

SIR,—May a very ordinary medical practitioner beg leave to bring this discussion down from the heights of speculation to a prosy common-sense level?

Experience among them shows that the population in general is not made up of highly strung and introspective children and adults, forever seeking the skeleton in the cupboard. Of course, the problem is not simple. But the fact is that the vast majority of families will never even imagine the psychological horrors with which the learned moralists threaten them.

For instance, it is quite untrue to suggest that the average child will speculate who is his father, unless some spiteful busybody implants in him a seed of doubt. Successful adoptions at an early age produce the happiest of relationships between "father" and child. The child, of course, inherits some traits from the actual author of his being. But every one of us has had to mould his "ego" to the accepted pattern of our society.

It is sentimental exaggeration, verging on dishonesty, to suggest that a newly fertilised ovum possesses a mind, or even that conception is necessarily the fruit of pure and devoted psychic love. It is also false to suggest that the husband will not be able to extend a truly paternal affection to his wife's child. One has seen it happen often enough to give the lie to such ungenerous nonsense.

Finally, it is incontrovertible that research into the causes of male sterility is the ideal long-term approach. But that is no solace to the mutilated and unlucky of this generation, who may long for children born to their own wives from the stock of healthy donors.

"GENERAL PRACTITIONER"

PUZZLED PEOPLE

SIR,—The conclusions which Dr. Joad arrives at in his review of "Puzzled People" seem to me curiously inconsistent. He recognizes that the Churches would do ill to abandon their central dogmas (he assumes, incidentally, that these derive solely from the Bible), but goes on to urge that the clergy "should not waste their energies in inter-denominational disputes about points of doctrine." This can mean one of only two things: that he thinks the clergy should not attempt to defend their faith on intellectual grounds, or that he considers all inter-denominational differences inessential. I cannot reasonably imagine him to mean the first, so I take him to mean the second—a common enough view. Now, one of the doctrines which the Catholic Church holds but which is rejected by many Nonconformists and at least one bishop of the Church of England, is that of the corporeal resurrection of Jesus Christ; and I seem to recall that Dr. Joad, in reviewing Dr. Barnes' latest book, was mildly shocked by his professed disbelief in that doctrine. He argued, if I remember rightly, that once you started doing that sort of thing to Christianity it ceased to be itself, and that the Bishop's account of its growth, with the miracles and the risen Christ left out, was a very inadequate one. His remarks at that time agree well enough with his present view that the main dogmas of the Churches must be retained, but they make nonsense of his suggestion that inter-denominational argument should end. He thinks that the Churches, to regain lost ground, must among other things abide by fundamentals; but unfortunately it is on fundamentals that the main Christian bodies disagree.

It is worth notice, I think, that the characteristics to which he mainly takes exception are specifically Protestant ones. Catholic teaching on the Bible is free from the extravagances into which various Protestant sects have fallen, while on the other hand it cannot be charged with having yielded ground in the face of each new scientific fashion. In regard to Dr. Joad's last point, the connection between the Churches and the *status quo*, I assume that he is concerned primarily with England, in which Catholicism is not a State religion. It is enough to say that Catholic churches in London, as elsewhere are still full; and not less so in the East End than in the West.

University College,
Oxford.

J. EALES

HUNGARY

SIR,—Returning from a family visit to Hungary, I see that the wildest reports have been circulating here about events in that country. I am very glad that, contrary to other papers, the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has kept its objectivity on this subject as on others. But I think the contribution of an eye-witness might be useful.

I happened to be in Hungary during nearly the whole of the recent political crisis. While people over here read about terror and panic, there reigned, in fact, the most perfect calm among the ordinary people of the country. I visited factories and talked freely with the workers, without any outside interference. I heard every shade of political opinion, including extreme Right-wing views, expressed aloud in trams and buses. During the whole of my two-and-a-half weeks' stay in the country I have never been asked for my identity papers, and my friends usually leave their identity cards at home as they never need them. Can you talk of terror under such conditions?

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It is not for me to argue whether there has been a conspiracy and whether the ex-Premier is guilty or not. But why this general incredulity about the possibility of a Fascist "putsch"? Hungary was, from 1920 to 1945 a Fascist state, and the upper class were (and presumably still are) staunchly Fascist almost to a man. To my mind, it is difficult to imagine that these people, who are still very numerous, should not make an attempt to grab power again.

Furthermore, contrary to what is suggested by papers in the West, the charge of conspiracy has *not* been made by the Russians or the Communists alone. It is supported by the Hungarian Social-Democratic Party, and even by the Right-wing Smallholders' Party to which the conspirers belonged. The Social Democratic Party's paper, the *Nepszava,* specially calls to British Socialists to realise that their party is in complete agreement on this question with the Communists.

The general picture of Hungary to-day is most impressive.

On my previous visit, 16 months ago, there was terrible devastation everywhere, inflation was in full swing, money was counted in millions and the people were starving. Now the country is being rebuilt at a fantastic rate. Thousands of bridges, railway lines and bombed houses have already been repaired, and people are working continuously day and night on the remainder. The shops are full of food, clothes, and all the goods you can possibly wish to buy. The workers and peasants are still very poor, but, unlike the people of Austria and Germany, they are well fed. And they know that, for the first time in history, they are working for their own betterment, as the feudal lord who was keeping them in poverty has been removed from over them. So they are confident that their living standard will go on rising indefinitely year by year. If the improvement of the last 16 months is anything to go by, their confidence is not exaggerated.

THERESA LAZAR

BUTLIN JOYS

SIR,—I feel sure there will be widespread support for Mr. Woodrow Wyatt's suggestion that the Government should convert Army hutments and aerodromes—and perhaps some munition workers' hostels—into holiday camps, and so bring the delights and benefits of the "Butlin" type of holiday, which has proved so popular in the £300-£700 income level, within reach of the mass of working-class families.

I believe Mr. Wyatt's proposal will be specially welcomed by members of local authorities in our big cities, who realise the vital importance of industrial workers getting a really good holiday each year and the total inadequacy of the existing provision.

Incidentally, nothing is more likely to produce an effective response from the mass of our people to the Government's appeal for increased production than the prospect or the memory of a novel and really happy holiday.

If only it were possible to combine the resources of the Government with the interest and good will of the great municipalities and the expert knowledge and advice of Mr. Butlin, something immensely worthwhile could be accomplished.

3 Oakland Road, R. ST. JOHN READE,
Bristol, 6. (*Vice-chairman, Bristol Education Committee*)

APPROVED SCHOOLS

SIR,—As a newly appointed magistrate also sitting on the juvenile court, I was very interested in your article on approved schools and found a great deal to agree with in its comments, particularly with it being essential to separate border-line mental cases from other cases. The treatment necessary to improve the two different types of juveniles is so obviously totally different it should hardly be necessary to stress the fact.

We are, as usual, up against the same old difficulty, which your article brings out very clearly, the need for more schools, better equipment and, most important, a great increase in highly trained staff; this being so one is distressed to find, even among people who have worked with this problem on the bench, etc., the idea that it is silly to spend more money on these children's education than is spent on the best public school education. As these children are for various reasons not normal in their social behaviour and often have had home conditions behind them the staff and equipment for their education must necessarily be of a very high order and very specially trained if they are to be turned into useful citizens—second-best results are useless and a waste of the money and time already spent.

VERSTUART CHERRINGTON

AID TO GREECE

SIR,—During the early months after the Liberation of Greece in 1945 a society was formed called "British Friendship to Greece." The object of the Society is not only to give material help to a country that still remains sorely in need, but more especially to established personal contact between individuals, families, schools and colleges in Great Britain and their counterparts in Greece.

The Society operates through two committees, one in London and one in Athens. The choice of recipient is made by the latter committee, which is composed of people well known in Greece for their experience and long service in such organisations as the Greek Red Cross, the Boy Scouts and the Y.M.C.A. There is, therefore, a guarantee that help sent from abroad is not indiscriminately distributed, but allocated where the need is greatest.

Since its inception the scheme has been given considerable support, consignments of letters and parcels have gone regularly to Greece, initial difficulties have been overcome and the organisation is now working smoothly. But if our work is to continue we shall need goods to send and money for office expenses, packing, freight, etc. With the termination of U.N.R.R.A. activities the need for relief, especially for devastated villages and small country towns remains immense and it might be a long time before the miscellaneous needs which we might supply can be met by the help which is to be given by the U.S.A. We feel that although our national responsibilities in Greece have recently been in a large measure transferred to other shoulders there must still be many people in England who are anxious to give to this country which stood alone at our side in the darkest days of the war and to extend to its countrymen in their continuing difficulties the hand of friendship.

May we, therefore, ask the hospitality of your columns to invite those who wish to help their Greek friends to send gifts, contributions and letters (which if necessary will be translated by the Society) to the Secretary of the Society at 14, Greek Street, London, W.1, who will also be glad to give further information about the scheme.

The Society's Educational Aids Committee, Manchester, under the chairmanship of Professor T. B. L. Webster, of Manchester University, is making a special appeal for scientific and educational equipment for schools.

CECIL LUBBOCK (*Chairman*)
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TERRINGTON
LEONARD WOOLLEY

EXCHANGE PAPERS

SIR,—Your publicity is too good and your readers far too interested in International Relations!

All my American addresses are used up and 650 of your readers still want others. I have written by air mail to the editors of *The New Republic* and *The Nation* and will fix up these 650 as soon as possible according to the individual preferences they express. But I beg them to be patient.

17 Forest Court, P. DENIS GOODALL
Snaresbrook, E.11.

Edward Crankshaw

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If Russian values cannot be universally approved they can at least be appreciated. With this impressionist picture of the country, Mr. Crankshaw seeks to instil into the reader an awareness of the Russian outlook. 9s. 6d.

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COLLINS

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"Nannie," she said, pointing, "is he a servant boy ?"
"S-s-h," said Nannie, "He's Master Ponderevo."
"Is he a servant boy ?" repeated Beatrice.
"He's a schoolboy," said my mother.
"Then may I talk to him, Nannie ?"
Nannie surveyed me with brutal inhumanity.
"You mustn't talk too much," she said.*

It would be curious to reckon how often, how maddeningly often, this scene recurs in English fiction. Sometimes the actors are children, sometimes they are grown up, sometimes the roles are reversed, and the scene takes different forms at different periods, but the theme is always the same. The twin geniuses of the English novel are an archetypal Nannie, forever heading off a predestinate little lady from playing with rough boys ; and an eternal private tutor, forever moving his young hopeful on as soon as he starts an entanglement with the girls of the village. Over the whole question they have succeeded in spreading a thick atmosphere of worry. How upper-class can you afford to be without becoming wicked ; how lower-class can you afford to be without becoming coarse ? Until, after the ten-thousandth page of it, one's only surviving feeling is, who cares ? Who cares whether Pamela finally exasperates Mr. B into marriage, whether Mr. Elton is more or less than moderately genteel, whether it is sinful for Pendennis nearly to kiss the porter's daughter, whether young men from Boston can ever be as truly refined as middle-aged women in Paris, whether the District Officer's fiancée ought to see so much of Dr. Aziz, whether Lady Chatterley ought to be made love to by the gamekeeper, even if he was an officer during the war. Who cares ? And the answer, of course, is that the English care a great deal about these things, even if not quite as much as their novelists suggest. The rather longer answer is that this kind of thing is just what the readers of the English novel are accustomed to expect. With few exceptions, it is not in the English novel that we explore the deeper layers of personality, nor do its readers expect it to ask or answer the major questions. Not what shall a man do to be saved but how shall a man find an appropriate niche in the world (otherwise, of course, than by working) ; or how shall a young woman, without undue sacrifice of her modesty or her inclinations, attach herself to a man who has already found one. Heaven is the cosy billet and the suitable marriage; virtue is to find your proper place in the social hierarchy ; sin is to sink to a lower one ; folly is to claim a higher one than that to which you are justly entitled ; and if you persist in folly, it will probably become sin. How to pick social chestnuts out of the fire without burning your fingers—that is what the English novel is really designed to tell us.

Nor does it make much difference whether the novelists ostensibly accept or reject the social scheme ; the conclusions they come to are pretty much the same. Jane Austen is not more convinced that it is no use trying to turn Harriet Smith into a lady than D. H. Lawrence that it is no use trying to fit Philip Morell into the middle classes. One after another the English novelists set out to denounce the snob system ; and as soon as they are comfortably dead their readers tacitly agree to neglect the denunciation and to enjoy them simply because they show so well how bits of the snob system work. Often it is just this which is best done by writers who thought they were doing something quite different. Compare, for instance, the easy effectiveness of some of the social stuff in Lawrence with the neck-breaking contortions by which he tries to portray sexual love. And Wells advertised himself so successfully as the *ur*-planner that he probably never suspected that he was less esteemed as the architect of the new society than as the collector of curious fragments of the old. In *Tono-Bungay*, of course, he sets out openly to take us on a conducted tour of the social landscape during the earlier part of the century ; the future is chiefly represented by the rather portentous pose of scientific objectivity, of looking at the whole performance from a centre seat in the third row of the years to come.

> But through the confusion sounds another note. Through the confusion something drives, something that is at once human achievement and the most inhuman of all existing things. Something comes out of it . . . How can I express the value of a thing at once so essential and so immaterial ?

How, indeed ? What humbug it all is for a novelist to talk as though he were the future in person. Wells has done so much of it that he has partly succeeded in disguising his firm roots in the past. He has drawn himself so often as the detached young scientist that he has probably persuaded quite a number of his readers to believe that his work really did originate in a test tube and not in the housekeeper's room at Bladesover. Yet at the beginning of *Tono-Bungay*, before sex and science have had their usual deliquescent effect on his critical faculties, he tells the truth quite simply.

> Bladesover is, I am convinced, the clue to almost all that is distinctively British, perplexing to the foreign enquirer in England, or the English-speaking peoples . . . Everyone who is not actually in the shadow of a Bladesover is, as it were, perpetually seeking after lost orientations. We have never broken with our tradition, never even symbolically hewed it to pieces, as the French did in quivering fact in the Terror. But all the bonds have relaxed, or altogether come undone.

And he does Bladesover itself perfectly, without ever deserting the side of it that he himself knew. The pensioned-off old servants, Mrs. Mackridge, Mrs. Booch and Mrs. Latude-Fernay are reflections in a mirror (a little distorted, for the mirror is old and the surface rather wavy) of the above-stairs Bladesover types.

> "Sir Roderick used to say," said Mrs Mackridge, "that the First Thing"—here Mrs. Mackridge paused and looked dreadfully at me—"and the Second Thing"—here she fixed me again—"and the Third Thing"—now I was released—"needed in a colonial governor is Tact." She became aware of my doubts again, and added predominantly "It has always struck me that that was a Singularly True Remark."

There is not the slightest need for Sir Roderick to appear in person, Mrs. Mackridge does it for him so well. How competent she is compared with the suburban ladies whom the Ponderevos meet at a later stage in their social career. Mrs. Hogberry, too, aspires to mirror the Bladesover world.

> She talked of the way in which Beckenham society was getting mixed, and turned on to a touching letter she had recently received from her nurse at Little Gossdean. Followed a loud account of Little Gossdean, and how much she and her eight sisters had been looked up to there. "My poor mother was quite a little Queen there," she said, "And such nice Common People ! People say the country labourers are getting disrespectful nowadays. It isn't so—not if they're properly treated. Here of course in Beckenham it's different. I don't call the people we get here a Poor—they're certainly not a proper Poor. They're Masses."

Poor Mrs. Hogberry : not being in the shadow of a Bladesover she cannot be expected to get it right.

Why should a writer who can do this sort of thing so well be so little content to go on doing it ? Why, to return to the quotation with which this article begins, does Beatrice have to come into it ? Partly, no doubt, because novels are well known to be about love : and however uninteresting people's love-experiences are, you must put in something about them. But there is another reason. England has always been run on a complicated snob-system : it is in the blood, everybody knows about it, the novelist cannot help writing about it, it is in the very air he breathes : if he can write at all he can hardly help doing it well. But, with a dim sense of discomfort, the novelist has a conviction that below this ice on which he skates so easily there is running water ; besides the obvious snakes and ladders, other games are being played. Very few novelists know what these other games are like, and fewer still are capable of telling us : but still there has to be some symbolical recognition that they go on : and for our culture love is the symbol of these obscure movements. Monotonously the novelists trot it out, not, it would appear, because they have anything very much to say about it, but because they can use it as a convenient portmanteau for all the forces that society does not recognise, because it shows that they have noticed something behind the smoke-screen. And very nice, too ; we are willing to believe that they have indeed seen something behind the screen ; but when we ask them what they have seen we get some very dusty answers. George Eliot's spite against Hetty Sorrel for being pretty ; the kittens and lilies who frisk and fade as the heroines of Victorian fiction ; Lawrence's dark gods and thickenings of the blood ; and Wells's George Ponderevo who begins a proposal of marriage with the words "Are we social equals ?" and finds in his Beatrice

> a woman who could talk of love, who could lay bare and develop and touch with imagination all that mass of fine emotion every woman, it may be, hides. She had read of love, she had thought of love, a thousand sweet lyrics had sounded through her brain and left fine fragments in her memory ; she poured it out, all of it, shamelessly, skilfully for me.

But not for long : for shortly afterwards Beatrice reveals that she can't do her own hair : and against this impassable barrier love beats his luminous wings in vain. The conflict between the passions and the social order is elaborately staged ; the author has collected all the credit for promoting this interesting trial of strength ; but just when it is about to begin the passions are found to be missing. They have slowly and silently vanished away, for they were only boojums, you see. Bladesover is real : the chemist's shop is real ; Edward Ponderevo's fantastic success is at least a clever parody of something real ; but this high-minded spooning with Beatrice is much too feeble to serve as a counterpoise to the unideal commonplaces of the existing social scheme. And this is where science comes in. If love can't do much to lift the hero out of the day-to-day muddle, perhaps science can. But, unluckily, science turns out to be a boojum, too. It is scientific romancers, not scientists, who talk like George Ponderevo. And Wells doesn't trouble to make even the physical details convincing. I suppose the gliders with collapsible balloons attached might just have passed muster in 1909. But we are a little surprised to find that the designer of a new destroyer personally stays up all night to "finish the engines." And when we find that in addition he personally takes the helm and navigates her down the Thames on her full-speed trials it is evident to the least technically-minded reader that Wells just isn't thinking. The only excuse for George Ponderevo as the hero of science is that he leads up to the penultimate purple patch, the one about the something that drives through the confusion.

> I have figured it in my last section by the symbol of my destroyer, stark, swift, irrelevant to most human interests. Sometimes I call this reality Science, sometimes I call it Truth.

And sometimes I call it boloney, and think what a pity it is that a perfectly competent traditional painter of the social scene should inflate his writing with this windy stuff. Not that the attempt does not need to be made. Who among English writers could have done anything with this theme ? Only George Eliot. Indeed, in *Middlemarch*, among her pictures of the traditional sanctities, she began to do so : Lydgate's early devotion to medicine, Dorothea's intellectual conscience are real. But they are only hints, and nobody has followed them up. The battle of life continues to be fought by the same rather weary old champions, love and society. In England, at any rate, the novelist of the great impersonal passions has yet to appear.

GRAHAM HOUGH

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* H. G. Wells. Tono-Bungay. Penguin Books 1s.

THE PRICE OF REVOLUTION

I Chose Freedom. By Victor Kravchenko. *Hale.* 15*s.*

Russia and the Russians. By Edward Crankshaw. *Macmillan.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

In April, 1944, Mr. Victor Kravchenko walked out from the Soviet Purchasing Commission in Washington. His autobiography, now published in England, has a compelling nightmarish quality like the most terrifying parts of Dostoyevsky, but it is told as a true story.

It is not surprising that the book had a sensational success in America. A copy of the English edition has now been sent to every M.P., and many of them are likely to read it and to be deeply impressed. The conclusion drawn by the author is that Stalinism is indistinguishable from Nazism, and "that the struggle for a free democratic Russia" must go on, for otherwise "there can be no enduring peace on earth." The inference is obvious and alarming.

But is Mr. Kravchenko's story true, is it the whole truth and, if so, will it support the conclusions that are drawn from it?

Mr. Kravchenko admits that his book was not only translated but edited; he purports to record word for word many long conversations spread over more than twenty years, he exaggerates the incidence of the great purges on the membership of the Soviet Government, and he makes a bad confusion about the name of one of the places where he claims to have worked. And my own inquiries do not confirm the more lurid of Mr. Kravchenko's "revelations" about Mr. Stalin's circle.

So the reader should be wary. It would be pleasant to dismiss the whole nightmare as a fabrication but those who feel this temptation should in honesty first read the book carefully all through for themselves. After all, the Soviet Union has a seamy side. Moreover excesses in the collectivisation campaign and in the purges and trials of 1937-8 have been officially admitted. It is true that *I Chose Freedom* was edited in an hysterically anti-Soviet American atmosphere, but it does seem clear that a Russian original underlies most of the book. Many sentences are obvious translations from Russian.

The real weakness of Mr. Kravchenko's story is that it proves too much. If terror, spying, counter-spying and self-seeking are the whole truth about the Communist Party, if the Stakhanovite movement is a fraud and the Five Year plans one long muddle, then it is impossible that the Red Army and Soviet industrial production could have stood up to the test of war as in fact they did and some of the worst crimes imputed to Stalinism become crimes without a motive.

It won't do. *I Chose Freedom* may contain much that is true but it is certainly not the whole truth. I spent three and a half years in the Soviet Union but I did not live in Kravchenko-land and the Russian steel workers whom I met in London the other day were not like characters from *I Chose Freedom.*

Mr. Kravchenko rose at one moment to a high position in the Soviet hierarchy and his very interesting account of life and work in what corresponds to the War Cabinet offices will be new to nearly all readers. The pressure under which the higher Soviet officials work explains much that would otherwise remain obscure.

Mr. Kravchenko testifies almost in spite of himself that "the great majority of the leaders with whom I came in contact were able men who knew their business; dynamic men deeply devoted to the work in hand." Once during the war the author pleaded for extra rations for certain workers engaged on important work; Mr. Pamfilov, the distinguished chief of the Sovnarkom (Cabinet Offices) replied: "Kravchenko, look here. Are you a social worker or a Bolshevik? Humanitarianism is a bad guide in making State decisions. Learn from Comrade Stalin—love the people but sacrifice their needs when essential." Such an attitude does not justify everything that has been done in the name of Stalin, but it does make the story intelligible.

Mr. Kravchenko's father had a great influence on his son: he was a revolutionary, one of those noble men who suffered for the erroneous belief that only the Tsar and a few policemen stood between the Russian people and their happiness. To get rid of a few tyrants the whole people had to go through the unspeakable sufferings of the revolution which Mr. Kravchenko describes so vividly. But tyranny remained. Therefore, argue the Kravchenkos, we must kill the new tyrants, and then we really can start afresh.

But alas! this is no answer. If the revolution against Tsarism led to massacres and the debasement of moral standards, a counter-revolution against Stalin would only mean worse massacres and more debasement.

Russian patriotism must be based on something deeper than this, and Mr. Edward Crankshaw's *Russia and the Russians* will enable the reader to understand, to feel what this something is. There is no lack of candour in Mr. Crankshaw; he takes you in straight through Russia's back door—Archangel in wartime—and he shows the full horror of a city that starved because it was not first priority; and of prison labour on the edge of the Arctic circle. Mr. Kravchenko has nothing so terrible as that poor wretch shot like a dog because he broke ranks to seize a mouldering piece of bread from a heap of garbage.

You almost forget Mr. Crankshaw's promise to help you to tolerate the Russians, to understand them, to love them:

> "We have seen that Russia is . . . a police-state run by a gang of gifted thugs for obscure ends known only to themselves. And so? . . . and so obviously there is something wrong with what we have seen." There is no room here for the things we know about, for Soviet music and poetry and science and humanity "no room at all for the spirit that fought a losing war against the most dreadful enemy of all time—and won."

Russia and the Russians ends by giving a picture that is big enough to hold both sides of the truth. I do not agree with everything the author says, and there are some minor mistakes of fact, but what counts in this sort of book is the total effect. And the total effect is true.

Illusions about the Soviet Union are dear to many people but they are dangerous. One day a Kravchenko or a Koestler comes and shatters your illusions; these men are disillusioned lovers themselves, and they invite you to share their hatred of what you all loved. Mr. Crankshaw strips you of every vestige of illusion, but he leaves something in its place.

He leaves you with a sane and reasonable belief in Soviet youth and with a loving admiration for all that Russia has done in the face of terrible odds. He makes you understand that the cruelties and rigours of Soviet rule are not "done for fun."

"This paradise of Komsomols does *not* make provision for the independent mind and spirit," and Mr. Crankshaw does not

> believe that Russia will ever be a democracy in our own sense of that term, which need be no great loss to her citizens. On the other hand there is no insuperable reason against Russia one day attaining freedom of the mind and spirit within a rigid hierarchical framework, once that framework is considered properly bedded down, the sort of freedom Western Europe has known beneath its kings and its priests.

That is the point. The Soviet system is just beginning to get bedded down. By now the key people generally know their jobs and do them well; competent staffs are being trained. The NKVD has become more efficient under Mr. Beria and efficiency sometimes involves mildness. Recent purges of the administrative machine and of the collective farms have been remarkably mild, compared with the methods of ten years ago.

> We think too often of the Russian Secret Police in terms of the atrocious purges of 1936 and 1937. This is a mistake. The Secret Police is ever present, but as a rule it is not severely felt. The purges were a kind of hysteria which had nothing intrinsically to do with the Russian idea of a secret police.

Mr. Crankshaw's understanding of Lenin and Stalin is penetrating and judicious. He understands, too, what Marxism means to the Soviet people, but he does not allow enough for the changes that have come since Pokrovsky was condemned. This point is important, for it leads him to exaggerate the element of determinism in the Soviet view of things. Modern Bolshevism believes, above all, in man's power to control his destiny once he has discovered the Marxian laws of society.

But this is a minor blemish in Mr. Crankshaw's book. Those who read *Russia and the Russians* will know what Mr. Molotov feels "when he thinks we are being frivolous or crooked or both." They will not need to ask "why are the Russians so difficult?" They will understand.

John Lawrence

HEROES OF VISION

The Cult of the Superman. By E. R. Bentley. *Robert Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Political animus sadly distorts literary values. The pre-war sport of smelling out Fascism in the works of philosophers, poets and mystics became a fashion when people wanted a simple answer to the complex question of why Germany had caused another war. Those self-righteous liberals who now write fake literary and historical criticism about Germany are the very men who fifty years ago would have extolled Teutonic freedom and pointed to the preference which Frenchmen showed for dictators. The recipe for these sickening dishes is simple: carefully select and cook your facts, garnish with irony at the expense of your enemy and serve steaming with indignation.

It is, therefore, with relief that one reads Mr. Bentley's analysis of the thought of men often summarily dismissed as proto-Fascists—Carlyle, Nietzsche, Wagner and George. He does not minimise Nietzsche's worship of power, or Lawrence's savagery, or Shaw's delight in the failure of democracy. He points out their influence on modern reactionaries. (For a discussion of the *responsibility* of certain German writers I would recommend Professor E. M. Butler's essay on *Romantic Germanentum.*) But he also shows that there is another side. Whatever we may think of Carlyle's Hero-Worship and anti-democratic bawling, it was Carlyle whose passionate pity for the poor inspired Engels and taught him the secret of the cash nexus; it was Carlyle who inspired Ruskin and to whom Keir Hardie acknowledged the debt of Socialists; it was Carlyle to whom Dickens dedicated *Hard Times,* and who gave Froude a faith to live for and taught Huxley that "a deep sense of religion was compatible with an entire absence of theology." The creed, which grew from Carlyle's prophecies, the author calls Heroic Vitalism.

To understand Heroic Vitalism we must sympathise with the disillusion of the Romantic: with his horror of nineteenth-century civilisation, the squalor of the Industrial Revolution, the enslavement of man by the machine and the lie in the soul of *laissez-faire* democracy. Democracy appeared to be the triumph of Gradgrind, Pecksniff and Uriah Heep, threatening to extinguish culture and degrade the virtues of courage, reverence and vitality. Pessimistic about the present, Heroic Vitalism prides itself on facing the facts of human existence. How can we discern the meaning of the facts? By studying history. History, a series of dynamic cyclical changes, will show us that the Universe is dualistic, that Evil must be accepted as a necessary counterpart to Good. Thus, the Heroic Vitalist, like the Marxist, rejects Christian or other—worldly ethics. Within the cycle of history to which he belongs, man is a creature of inexorable necessity. Intelligence will not help him to escape—ratiocination, reform, votes in popular assemblies will not avail. Only by Intuition, by exercising his will, in fact, only by seizing and wielding power (the ultimate reality) over his fellow men, can Man influence or mould the cosmic process of Destiny. Who can achieve this? The Hero, the Man of the Future.

Such, briefly, is the basis of Carlyle's prophecy, of Wagner's drama of the *Ring* and of Nietzsche's poetic vision. Yes, vision; for despite the trappings it is impossible to judge these irrational philosophies otherwise.

> J'ai vu des archipels sidéraux, et des îles
> Dont les cieux délirants sont ouverts au vogueur :
> Est-ce en ces nuits sans fond que tu dors et t'exiles,
> Million d'oiseaux d'or, ô future Vigueur ?

The vision is fleeting and to earthbound eyes contradictory. Though the Leader is exalted above the Slaves, this is in a curious way a protest for the dignity of the individual against the machine State. Power is worshipped for its own sake, yet Heroic Vitalists are often deeply humanistic. The worship of the Disciple for the Lord (c.f. George's *Der Jünger*) is a symbolic act of the artist striving for Perfection. The Hero, indeed, is born from the conception of the Perfectability of Man. But not only is the central theme full of contradictions. The prophets disagree among themselves about its interpretation. Nietzsche despises Carlyle; Shaw laughs at both; and, Mr. Bentley suggests, Shaw was unable to interpret the end of the *Ring*. Obsessed by the political implications, he misread the dramatic meaning of *Götterdämmerung* in which Wagner rejected Heroic Vitalism. Siegfried, possessed of power, does not realise himself but is cozened and abused. The Hero is corrupted and turned from his cosmic purpose. Only in death can he be redeemed by the sacrificial love of Brünnhilde.

Redemption—Sacrifice—Destiny: such are the potent spells which these dreamers would apply to life. Their dilemma was partly political, partly æsthetic. The fault of the book is that their æsthetic aims are not examined closely enough. Compelling as the chapter on Wagner is, the author is happier with Carlyle, Shaw and Spengler than with Nietzsche and George. Nietzsche had a strange vision of life—what it was no one has quite discovered—but it can be explained only in poetic and prophetic terms. Stefan George's dreams were primarily aesthetic (whatever he may have written about politics), and it is a mistake to treat his ideas in the same way as Shaw's. Shaw's are, if you will, metapolitical; George's are primarily aesthetic and concerned with inspiration. The new Heaven is achieved through Purgation—Dr. Bowra's analysis of his symbolic and priestly craft shows how difficult it is to distil coherent thought from his art.

Let us, however, be grateful for one of the most stimulating and suggestive books on the history of ideas which has been published for many months. Unlike some American writers, Mr. Bentley, is the reverse of prolix; his book is, if anything, too short. Indeed, the writing degenerates at times almost into shorthand. This sets off the epigrams which crackle on every page—and very good some of them are, too. Some misfire, of course. When he writes "Every cult of Greece and Rome that has been formed since the Renaissance has served to exalt the go-getting, destructive type with all his (*sic*) overstimulated ambition and vanity," he is talking nonsense. (I note, too, that the cult of youth gets a pasting—as it often does to-day from those who were young in the Twenties and much enjoyed *that* cult of youth.) It is exciting reading, and hares start from every bush that one beats. Let me conclude by pursuing one. The main plank in the defence of his clients is that they tried to solve a problem facing us to-day. "Democracy to justify itself must include aristocracy. It is partly because democracy alone can produce aristocracy; because democracy alone can offer careers open to talent, that we are democratic." Though the Heroic Vitalists blundered in their attempt to found an *élite*, Jefferson, Mill and William James all agreed on the necessity of an *élite*. The good egalitarian must believe in aristocracy. But there is another point of view which the author ignores: that *élites* are all too likely to develop into a ruling class which rules in its own interest and exploits the people. Or they are too narrow and exclude from power men whom the intelligensia regard as mediocrities. In fact it is precisely these men, who do not differ greatly from their fellow-citizens, who persuade the electorate that they are represented and are not being bossed by a superior caste. The future of democracy does not lie in the discovery of an *élite* but in making the ruling class as representative as possible.

NOEL ANNAN

BED

The Bed, or the Clinophile's Vade-Mecum. By CECIL AND MARGERY GRAY. *Nicholson and Watson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The rise and decline of the bed is the theme of this anthology, which the compilers have divided into four sections, chronologically: the Antique, the Medieval, the Renaissance and Baroque, the Romantic and the Modern. To-day, when not only the bedroom but the bed itself is disappearing, customs have also changed; in the modern divan, folding-bed or wall-bed it is less easy to lie through the morning, like Swift, thinking of wit for the day; to work out geometrical problems on the sheets, like Hobbes; to receive guests as strenuously as the sixteenth-century French kings. Nor are beds to-day so readily shared by master and pupil, mistress and maid, strangers in the same hostelry, or as in a curious incident here recorded, by two enemies after a battle.

> *Ainsi ces deux Princes qui estoyent comme ennemis capitaux se voyoient en un mesme lict, l'un trionphant, l'autre captif, prenans leur repos ensemble.*

(Of sleeping three together, Dorothy Osborne reports ambiguously that "it was all one to mee as if wee had not gon to bed at all.") In the houses of our most imaginative citizens we do not find so fantastic a bedchamber as that designed for "an illustrious lady" in the palace of the Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, which was decorated—the full description covers several pages—with various friezes, including "men going bird-catching, spies, adulterers, scalers of windows . . . crabs seeking food by moonlight, and . . . an elephant kneeling to adore the moon."

The collection is indeed a solemn reminder of the bed's lost variety. It includes the itinerant bed (an early form of *wagon-lit*) of Cardinal Richelieu, the lying-in bed of Philippa of Hainault "of green velvet, embroidered with sea-sirens in gold," the magnificent philosophic bed of de Maupassant, the utilitarian bed of Kant, the Terribly Strange bed, and the only one with a name: "Clove," a fifteenth-century bed belonging to Richard Earl of Arundel. The most austere must be the regulation bed of a boy monk in Lanfranc's Abbey of Bec, by the side of which a master was to stand all night with a candle in one hand and a rod in the other; the most bed-like—the essential bed—that of Oblomov, the true virtuoso of sleep. The most private bed, the grave, is not, in the ghostly verses of Beddoes, the most solitary. The least palpable yet the most grudging of beds is not mentioned—the penny-a-night rope for the forward leaning sleeper, nor the well-nigh extinct spare bed. If there is a "best" bed in this book, it is surely that of Gilles Corrozet:

> *Lict delicat, doulx et mollet,*
> *Lict de duvet si très douillet,*
> *Lict d'amour sainct, lict honorable,*
> *Lict somnolent, lict venerable,*

one of the few to be, by itself, the subject of a poem.

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METHUEN

of omissions, and it is by these that the anthologist most reveals himself. There is, for instance, hardly a bed from a nineteenth-century poet or novelist in this book; not one, even, of Poe or of Proust. It is clear that the compilers think little of this period, and still less of the twentieth century, with its truckle, collapsible or vanishing bed. It was during the recent years between 1939 and 1945, they point out, that the nadir of the decline was reached, when many of us went so far as to abandon our truckle beds for the Anglo-Saxon pallet on the floor. "Nay," they add, "the process went even further; we went back to the conditions of our cave-dwelling ancestors, and became a race of troglodytes, without any distinction of rank or class or wealth or power."

Yet the compilers should not despair so long as the late nineteenth-century *bourgeois* bed, which they ignore, continues to survive, as it does in many an upper floor of many an Avenue and Crescent. Ponderous and functional, it preserves with dull dignity the identity that its youngest relatives do their best to lose by a daytime metamorphosis. The very room in which it stands could be used for no ancillary purpose such as eating, working, conviviality. From the road outside, this cold shrine may be recognised by the blank back of the dressing table mirror which conceals the window space; within, by its ritual impedimenta—the marble washstand, the ewer painted with pink rose or convolvulus. It should also be a comforting thought that the number of bed-lovers does not decrease. One of the greatest of these pronounced, two hundred years ago: "Whoever thinks of going to bed before twelve o'clock is a scoundrel," and it is by this characteristic dislike of early hours that they may still be known. It is a pity, however, that a book undoubtedly intended to increase the pleasure of bed-time reading should be printed on such thick and unsympathetic paper. The decorations are by Michael Ayrton.

NAOMI LEWIS

ANTI-HAYEK

The Road to Reaction. By HERMAN FINER. *Dennis Dobson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

So far, the critics have been too gentle with Professor Hayek. Some have dismissed his *Road to Serfdom* as a perverse jeremiad; some have solemnly debated a part of his argument but have accepted its main conclusions; a few have merely abused him. It has been left to Dr. Finer, once a colleague of Professor Hayek at the London School of Economics and now a Harvard professor, to write a documented and elaborate reply. For Hayek, as for others among a dwindling band of diehard economists, free enterprise is a faith to champion with a fanatical enthusiasm. For Finer, on the contrary, the partisan of unfettered competition is a social menace, an academic spokesman of reaction. Stung to a mode of polemic which revives the personal attacks of a blunter age, Dr. Finer asserts:

> . . . that Hayek's apparatus of learning cannot sustain the weight of his argument; that his understanding of the economic process is bigoted, his account of history mistaken; that his political science is almost non-existent, his terminology misleading, his comprehension of British and American political procedure and mentality gravely defective; and that his attitude to average men and women is truculently authoritarian.

Dr. Finer has written this book to support that indictment. Indeed, he used stronger language than this in the American edition of his book but, as he points out in a foreword, he has had to modify his criticism under pain of a libel action by Professor Hayek.

What is the doctrine that has aroused such warm feeling in such a generous democrat as Herman Finer? Hayek is convinced that the unopposed extension of governmental action to every sphere of life is dragging society steadily towards the servile State. He believes that the institution of private property, even for those who lack it, is a guarantee of personal liberty. Power corrupts, but in a true competitive economy political power is kept to a minimum and economic power, so dangerous if centralised in the State and administered by that enemy of freedom, the public servant, is dispersed. It follows, therefore, that any infringement of the rights of property is a restriction upon the liberties of all men. Planning, however it may be disguised, thus curtails freedom and leads logically to dictatorship. Hayek, dismayed by the progress made by such heresies as social security and full employment secured by the agency of the State, and horrified by the prospect of a fully socialised economy, urges that the majority should not be permitted to legislate itself into such slavery. Those who see the peril ahead must, before the chance escapes them, endeavour to turn society back to the competitive way of life and, in the constitutional sphere, to establish a set of laws, incapable of amendment, which will safeguard, inalienable human rights.

This thesis, of course, is stated at length in the *Road to Serfdom*, and supported there by many sweeping assertions. But Dr. Finer has summarised it fairly before he proceeds to attack it. His reply will confirm the doubts of those who, when they read the *Road to Serfdom*, suspected that it had conjured up a bogus demon.

First, Finer asks, is Hayek talking sense when he suggests that there is no real difference between various ends and means of planning, that almost every form of State activity is both restrictive and undesirable, and that planning anyway is incompatible with democracy—especially with the Rule of Law—since it endows the bureaucrat with arbitrary powers? No. Our experience, over a hundred years, of social reform under State auspices, shows us two things. One, that this reform was necessary because private enterprise neither would nor could provide adequate welfare for the majority. Two, that we can create efficient and responsible official agencies which protect, not destroy, the rights of our citizens.

Secondly, Finer draws a devastating picture of the capitalist economy which, Hayek assures us, would automatically ensure the greatest common good if it were not subject to the harmful frictions set up by State interference. Finer shows that monopoly is among the most serious obstacles to free competition, from which it inevitably develops. But Hayek denies that, and must deny it unless his doctrine is to look utterly ridiculous. In any case, the list of the anti-social activities of free entrepreneurs is formidable, and it would be longer still if parliamentary majorities had not used their political power to restrict the precious freedom of these benevolent men. The *Road to Serfdom*, therefore, is little more than a sophisticated vindication of the right of the business man to do what he thinks fit, regardless of the consequences. Professor Hayek optimistically believes the consequences to be desirable. Most people take a different view.

Thirdly, Finer quite rightly inquires how Professor Hayek proposes to secure the necessary return to free enterprise. At this point, the absurdity of Hayek's solution emerges. Finer argues, I believe irrefutably, that the reversion can only be accomplished by the very State agencies that Hayek so ardently desires to abolish. Hayek, in effect, is demanding a government which will disperse monopolies, equalise wealth and education—so that all start from scratch in his Utopia—eliminate all those "business practices" upon which contemporary capitalism depends,

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liquidate trade unions and any political parties that believe in planning of any kind, and set up a permanent constitution which no majority would have the right to amend. To carry out this ambitious programme, the government would have to employ precisely those instruments of intervention and coercion—including a secret police—which Professor Hayek is imploring us to avoid or to abolish.

It is true that the problem of planning in a democratic society raises real issues which our generation has to face. But Professor Hayek is so concerned with his sensational nightmare that he has diverted attention from those real issues to an argument about abstractions. *The Road to Reaction* should show him that the "Socialists of all parties," to whom his own book was dedicated, care as much for liberty as he does and are not exactly indifferent, nor deficient in political wisdom. They are neither fools nor knaves because they refuse to sing the praises of capitalism. They have understood how it really works.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

LET ERIN REMEMBER

Irish Miles. By FRANK O'CONNOR. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

No civilised European country is so profoundly unconcerned with the preservation of its architectural heritage as Ireland. The reason, no doubt, is a simple one: every good Irish building, with the exception of a few Celtic crosses and a handful of plain, if imposing Round Towers, derives from the English connection, and the best way for modern Irish nationalism to forget that this connection ever existed is to allow the Romanesque (and Protestant) parish churches to fall into ruin, the Georgian mansions of Dublin to convert themselves into slums, while disposing of the great country houses by the simpler processes of military or civil arson.

Mr. Frank O'Connor's book, in consequence, though most melancholy reading, is timely. Possessed of a passion—almost unique in one of his race—for architecture, he spent his holidays during the war years, when other forms of travel were impracticable, scouring his native countryside in search of the rapidly vanishing vestiges of fine architecture; and he made some remarkable discoveries. A glance at the first twenty-three excellent photographs with which his record is embellished show just how remarkable these were. The majority of travel books dealing with architecture are repetitive, indeed superfluous, whereas this one, though relating to our nearest geographical neighbour, is as fresh to the general student as if it were concerned with a newly discovered country. What ardent ecclesiologist's pulse, for example, ever beat faster before at the mention of the great Romanesque doorway at Dysert O'Dea church in remote Co. Clare; who knows the ruined yet still splendid abbeys of Counties Tipperary and Kilkenny; who, even, is aware of the existence of the Norman cathedral at Clonfert in Co. Galway?

In the dear dead days before the war, when the motive for foreign travel was not yet exclusively gastronomic, *Irish Miles* would have been hailed with delight by that queer race of men whose pleasure it is to ride upon bicycles, in Mr. O'Connor's manner, from one ancient monument to the next. He is an enthusiast, and he is also in the most literal sense a discoverer; and yet, though master of his subject, he wears his erudition with a thoroughly Celtic panache. It would be creating a totally false impression of this light-hearted and discursive book to represent it as a solemn architectural treatise. The old Irish charm is there in full measure; so is the Irish inability to stick to the point; and the whimsicality which, from time to time, causes the Celtic twilight to assume something of the effect of highly unconvincing theatrical lighting. All the same, Mr. O'Connor is a serious man and a first-rate writer; disentangling oneself from the anecdotage and the pervasive charm, one discerns a sound and a solid purpose. "Protestant and Catholic," he says, "we are as decent a race of people as you are likely to find, but without the black of your nail of any instinct for conserving things." The broken gate creaking on its rusty hinge; the cracked and crumbling arch; the nettles, the thistles and the ivy which everywhere in Ireland mark the spot where ancient grandeur has once been: these things are symbols of a race at loggerheads with its past. It was natural enough, perhaps. Unfortunately the habit persists: Mr. O'Connor is not slow to point out that Lady Gregory's historic house at Gort has recently been sold by the Irish Government to the housebreakers for £500. "A race of clodhoppers" was James Joyce's bitter comment on his fellow-countrymen: because Mr. O'Connor is an Irish patriot, and also a European, he has written this courageous plea for the preservation of what of European civilisation there yet remains in Ireland, citing in a final paragraph, as example of the native civilisation, the poster of the Icilma young lady that he saw in Limerick, across whose already adequately draped bosom a modesty vest of brown paper had been officially applied. A photograph of this remarkable symbol of modern Erin is his twenty-fourth, and final, illustration.

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No. 908

Set by Allan M. Laing

N inety-and-one and still so much alive!
I s Heaven not worried that you don't arrive?
N eeds God above no guide intelligent
E arth's economic problems to present?
T he gravelled imps of Hell: could they not use
Y our playwright's cunning to confound, confuse?

O r do you stay with us because of those
N on-sensitive behinds that need your toes?
E arth wants to keep you, but would like your views.

Mr. Shaw is ninety-one next week. I invite competitors to follow my example and to write an acrostic on any other living writer who may reach the same advanced age. Entries by July 29th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 905

Set by H. A. St. G. Saunders

The practice, begun during the war, of issuing to members of the Services guides to the habits and customs of countries to which they had been posted, together with appropriate rules of conduct, still continues. Competitors are asked to furnish an extract (250 words maximum) from a guide of this nature, *either* to Heaven *or* Hell.

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Report by H. A. St. G. Saunders

There were so many heavenly entries that I found it hellishly difficult to make up my mind. Unfortunately, many competitors began well but inspiration faded, and some produced standing orders, instead of the kind of advice which the Army Welfare authorities or their equivalent might have produced.

I liked the following:

From Guides to Heaven: "Do not take with you a robin redbreast in a cage."

"Inhabitants looking like frightfully thin camels *may* be rich men." L. E. Jones.

From Guides to Hell:

"Everyone speaks the easily-acquired language of the Lost, also known as Limbo Franco or Damned Nonsense." R. J. P. Hewison

"Don't call matches 'Lucifers.'" Anon.

Religion: "Your padre will explain to you about Black Mass." Crieff Williamson

I recommend that a first prize of three guineas be awarded to Peter Bull for an extract from an American Guide to Heaven which seemed to me very like the Real Thing, and a guinea each to Kenneth Kevis, Terence Melican and Roland Bibby.

FIRST PRIZE
GUIDE TO HEAVEN

(Prepared by Special Services Division, Services of Supply U.S. Army)

You and your outfit have been ordered to Heaven as part of an all-out Allied Offensive against the Devil. You're going to meet a people who like Americans and whom you will like. The Angels have much in common with us; they are virtuous, peace-loving, God-fearing people, and they're out to lick the Devil all the way. . . .

Don't land in Heaven thinking that you're there to save a helpless people from the savage Fiend. Remember, the Angels have been fighting for a long time (in the last battle, fought in their own country, Satan was routed, forced to take refuge in Hell.) And wherever the battle against sin has been fought, Angels, like Americans, have been in there pitching. .

Unlike the United States, Heaven is an autocracy. That means that Angels are not allowed to criticise their government in the same way as Americans. We may not agree that this is the best form of government, but it should be remembered that we are guests in the country, and it would be discourteous, and not unfraught with danger, to voice our opinions too strongly. . . . Angels pay great respect to their Archangels; it would be a courteous gesture for G.I.s to salute these officers, just as enlisted members of the Heavenly Host salute American officers. . . .

Finally, remember that it will take mutual co-operation to win the war, and the fact that Angels and Americans are united in a common struggle means a fast finish for the Devil and all his works.

Peter Bull

SERVICES GUIDE TO HEAVEN

. . . not quite so extensively documented as Hell, (see W/O 9943A), although, as Baedeker says, the country and the people are "rewarding." The scenery is varied and fine cloud effects can be observed at all times. The people wear simple traditional robes and head-dress. If you are musical, you will enjoy the excellent choral singing which can be heard in all parts of the country.

Government.—The Head of the State, whose office is non-elective, exercises supreme authority. Local government is carried out by the official staff of seraphims and cherubims. You will come into contact with the latter over matters of police, allocation of mansions (see note on types of billet), traffic accidents, etc.

Sport.—There are good facilities for inter-unit sporting activities at the famous Elysian Fields, although permission must be obtained from the Regional Seraphim for any event estimated to last longer than 10,000 years. Restricted parties may shoot game in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Politics.—There is no particular ban on the discussion of political topics with the inhabitants, but it would be tactful not to refer to the unsuccessful attempt to overthrow the Government made by Lucifer, a former high official now in exile, or to criticise absolute monarchy too strongly.

Food and Drink.—You will find the chief local food, manna, extremely palatable. Eat it in moderation, however, as the plant is of a gently laxative nature. You should boil all drinking water obtained from streams and fountains, unless otherwise instructed by your M.O. Kenneth Kevis

SERVICES GUIDE TO HELL

No doubt your posting came as a surprise. We all tend to think that ours will be to the more desirable regions; but you will appreciate that, in the nature of things, not everybody *can* hope to go there. The golden rule for postings is: MAKE THE BEST OF THE ONE YOU GET.

Your stay will be a long one.

You are likely to meet many people here whom you would never have expected to see. At such meetings it is considered the worst of bad form to express *surprise*. Oblique references to other states of being or to *past expectations* are also in poor taste.

Don't try to monopolise conversations. Most of the greatest wits are in Hell; long-windedness is apt to get short shift. A good rough rule is: Keep a still tongue for the first aeon.

However, you may not have a tongue. . . .

Don't criticise the Authorities. They are under contract to provide a certain minimum of *rewards*, as they are called (see "Agony" under "Terms To Be Avoided.") Every effort is made to get them over early in the month.

Compliment nobody on his appearance.

Avoid the suburbs.

Sneer at Purgatory.

There will be frequent visits from Royalty. Answer questions modestly; be careful to avoid offence.

You are in for *many* surprises. Don't say "Good Heavens!" "Merciful powers!" or "Bless my soul!"

Such phrases as "I'm no angel" should be avoided, as indicating an undue degree of self-praise.

Laughter should be *hollow*. . . .

Terence Melican

DO keep your Tunic, Service, Asbestos, Super-Tropical, carefully buttoned up at all times—remember a burn is looked upon as a self-inflicted wound, in this Command.

DO draw bullets of nickel only from the Q.M.—molten lead not only infringes the canons of war but is an obsolete weapon.

DO cool all water to a temperature lower than boiling point before drinking, unless authorised by an officer.

DON'T be disturbed by shrieks from bottomless pits—remember it's all a grand battle inoculation.

DO remember that an ally is an ally, tail or no tail.

DO salute, and be courteous to even Minor Devils, but

DON'T allow them to engage you in conversation—they can teach you nothing that isn't already in a good military history.

DON'T discuss anything with the workers—even the weather and holidays are controversial subjects to them. Never use the phrase, "How time flies."

DON'T fraternise with women, even if you can tell which is witch.

DON'T be surprised at the number of former acquaintances you see at work, and

DON'T introduce yourself first. If you do, you will only embarrass them and put them off their coke.

DO create a good impression from the beginning—remember, you will come here again.

Roland Bibby

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Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY College, London. Applics. invited for following appointments in Department of Zoology: (a) A Lecturer (Grade II); comm. salary £550-£850 according to qualifics. and exp. (b) An Assistant Lecturer (Grade III); comm. salary £400-£500, according to qualifics. and exp. In each instance duties will commence on October 1, 1947. Applics. should be received by July 31 by Secretary, University College, London (Gower St. W.C.1), from whom further partics. may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. University Court invite applics. for post of Lecturer in Phonetics. Salary in range £500-£650 p.a. according to qualifics. and exp., and appointment, which is subject to conditions of Federated Superan. System for Univs., will date from October 1. Applics., with evidence of qualifics., and names of not less than 3 referees, should be sent by July 31, to R. Jardine Brown, Secretary to University.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. The Council of the College invites applics. for post of Assistant Lecturer in Pure Mathematics. Salary £450 p.a. Appointment will date from October 1, 1947. Further partics. concerning the post may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applics. must be received by July 26, 1947.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Assistant European Publicity Officer in London. Duties will consist of providing to the countries of Europe a full service of information concerning the various language broadcasts, and of stimulating interest in Europe in B.B.C.'s European service as a whole. Essential qualifics. are good knowledge of European affairs, exp. in journalism and preparation of publicity material. Ability to speak and write several European languages an advantage. Max. starting salary £850, rising to £1,100 p.a. It is hoped that the selected candidate will proceed within one year to a senior post in the same sphere for which the maximum starting salary will be £1,000, rising to £1,360 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "European Publicity." For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

BRITISH Medical Association. The Council of the British Medical Assocn. invites applications from registered practitioners, including those serving with H.M. Forces, for appointment of a Medical Assistant Editor to the "British Medical Journal." In first instance the appointment will be for six months on a probationary basis at a salary of £1,000 a year, rising by annual increments of £62 10s. to £1,875 a year. In exceptional circumstances the initial salary may be above the minimum of the scale. Association superannuation scheme will apply on substantive appointment. Candidates must present evidence of literary ability and/or journalistic exp. A knowledge of one or more foreign languages is desirable. Applicants should send full particulars of qualifics., experience, age, etc., together with names and addresses of three persons to whom ref. may be made, to the Editor of the "British Medical Journal," B.M.A. House, Tavistock Square, W.C.1, not later than August 14, 1947. Envelopes should be marked "British Medical Journal"—Assistant Editor."

CITY of Birmingham. Appointment of Central Statistical Officer. Applics. invited for post in office of the Town Clerk of a competent Statistician at a comm. salary of £1,000 p.a., plus war bonus as may be determined—at present £59 19s. p.a. Candidates must have good organising ability and admin. exp. and be competent to advise upon the setting up as part of the Corporation service of a Central Statistical Office, and to have charge of such office if and when established. Exp. in Local Govt. Service, whilst not essential, will be an advantage. Partics. of the appointment may be had upon application. Appointment terminable at any time by 3 months' notice on either side. Applics. endorsed "Central Statistical Officer," with copies of not more than 3 testimonials of recent date, should be addressed to Town Clerk, Room 30B, Council House, Birmingham, 1, and delivered on/before July 31, 1947. Applics. should contain follg. information: Age; whether married or single; where educated; whether the holder of any degrees, diplomas, etc.; partics. of previous occupations, incl. details of exp. and training in the analysis, interpretation and use of statistics as a guide to policy. Canvassing will be a disqualification.

SCHOOL Board of Kimberley, South Africa. Physical Education Teacher (Male). Applics. invited for post of Assistant Teacher (male) at Boys' High School, Kimberley, in physical education (all classes) and English (for Standards VI and VII). Ability to coach cricket and swimming a recommendation. Board and residence for single man is offered in the school hostel in return for performance of hostel duties. Commencing sal. varies according to qualifics. and exp., but not more than 5 yrs.' exp. can be recognised. Annual increments of £25 are payable. Max. sal. is £650, £700 or £750 according to qualifics. Grant of £50 will be made towards travelling expenses of successful applicant in proceeding to South Africa to take up appointment. Appointment will, in first instance, be on probation, and successful applicant will be reqd. to give an undertaking to fit himself bilingually within period of 3 yrs. of date of appointment. Applics., together with certified copies of academic and professional certificates and of 3 testimonials, all in duplicate, should reach Secretary, Office of High Commissioner for Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Sq. W.C.2, by July 31, 1947.

WEST Bank School, Bideford, N. Devon. Required for September, part-time visiting Biology Mistress, to Higher School standard. Apply Headmistress.

Appointments Vacant—continued

ROYAL Sheffield Infirmary and Hospital, Sheffield. Medical Artist reqd. to work in various depts. of above named hospitals and associated institutions. Duties include preparation of sketches, drawings and diagrams, for purposes of medical records, lectures, publications, etc. Pref. to artist with exp. in medical work. Salary in accordance with qualifics. and exp. but not less than £450 p.a. If specimens of work are submitted with applics. every care will be taken for their preservation but these will be accepted only at sender's risk. Applics. in writing with 3 recent testims., to Joseph Griffith, General Superintendent, Royal Sheffield Infirmary and Hospital, Royal Infirmary, Sheffield, 6, as soon as possible.

MINISTRY of Food invite applics. from qualified candidates for post of Technical Assistant in Large Scale Catering Section (Temporary). Must possess recog. Domestic Science Diploma. Catering exp. for testing recipes, able to demonstrate. Headquarters London. Comm. salary according to qualifics. and exp. Scale £263 to £432 incl. Age 25 and over. Written applics., giving date of birth, full details of qualifics. and exp. and of posts held incl. dates, should be addressed to The Appointments Office, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6, Tavistock Sq. W.C.1, quoting ref. number K.Q. 498. In no cases should original testims. be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

PORTSMOUTH Mental Health Service. Applics. invited for post of fourth Psychiatric Social Worker. Candidates must possess the Mental Health Cert. of the London School of Economics or Edinburgh Univ. Successful candidate will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. and to pay Superann. Contributions under the Asylums' Officers Act. Incl. salary £370 p.a., rising by annual increments of £20 to £530. Portsmouth Mental Health Service includes: Child Guidance Clinics, and hostel, large Psychiatric Out-Patient clinics and Mental Hospital, and Community Care for Mental Defectives living in the City. Applics., stating age, qualifics. and exp., tog. with two recent testimonials, should be sent to Dr. Thomas Beaton, Physician Supt., St. James Hospital, Portsmouth, as soon as possible. Applics. from Mental Health Course Students, now in training, will be considered.

EAST Suffolk County Educ. Cttee. A club leader, man or woman, for five estab. village clubs, each opening on one night a week, is reqd. in September. Applicants should have exp. of mixed club work and should be trained youth leaders, or qualified teachers. There is scope for interesting work in informal further education. A car. is necessary, for which a travelling allowance on the County Council Scale will be provided. Salary scale: Men £330×£15 to £405 plus £20 p.a. for a graduate; women £300×£10 to £350 plus £15 p.a. for a graduate. Applics. should be submitted to the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Ipswich, by August 2.

COUNTY Borough of Southend-on-Sea Educ. Cttee. Municipal College. Principal: P. F. R. Venables, Ph.D., B.Sc., F.R.I.C. Applics. invited for post of Responsible Tutor for Adult Education to take charge of and develop University Extension Courses, public and special lecture courses, discussion groups, to supervise activities of students' association and undertake some teaching. Appropriate adult education teaching or admin. exp. desirable. Burnham salary scale plus £100 p.a. responsibility allowance. Increments for War Service and approved professional, industrial or commercial exp. Full details and applic. form may be obtained from H. Boyes Watson, Chief Educ. Officer, Education Office, Warrior Sq. Southend-on-Sea, on receipt of a stamped and add. foolscap env. Completed forms must be returned to Principal of College, Victoria Circus, Southend, by August 2.

PETERBOROUGH Joint Education Board. County Grammar School for Girls (Headmistress: Miss M. Mathews, M.A.). Reqd. in September for this School of 500 Girls, Senior History Mistress to be responsible for the organisation of the subject throughout School and to teach at all stages to Higher School Cert. and Scholarship standard. Subsidiary Scripture a recomm., but not essential. An Hons. Deg. essential; training and/or exp. essential. Burnham scale salary. Apply by letter in first instance to the Headmistress at the School, giving full details of qualifics. and exp. and enclosing testimonials.

BEDALES School (co-ed.), Petersfield. Senior appointment on girls' side—Housemistress reqd. for Sept., 1947, or Jan., 1948. Full control of girls' house (90 boarders, ages 12-18); some teaching desirable. Post is one of considerable responsibility and calls for exceptional qualities of character. Wide exp. and interests, not necessarily confined to school, would be valuable qualifics. Age pref. 30-35, not over 40. Write giving full particulars to the Headmaster.

BEVERLEY School, Wolfelee, Nr. Hawick, Scotland, progressive co-ed. boarding school, require in September: (a) Froebel Teacher with ability to teach piano and Dalcroze eurhythmics. (b) Nursery School Teacher. In applying state age, qualifics. and experience.

L.C.C. Vacancies for Assistant Domestic Bursars (women) at Avery Hill and Wandsworth Teachers' Training Colleges. Training and exp. in institutional management is desirable. Salary probably £210-£225 p.a. with emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Applic. forms from Education Officer (I.S.D./42), County Hall, S.E.1. (1918.)

REQUIRED, Resident Warden (man), Burlington Hall Neighbourhood Centre, 98-100, High St. Aston, Birmingham, 6, responsibility for organising work of Centre, fund-raising, etc., salary £300, plus residence, heat, light. Apply: Secretary to Management Cttee.

Appointments Vacant—continued

COMMUNITY Centres, Staffs. The services of Wardens are required for two Community Centres in Staffordshire. Salary £350, rising by annual increments of £25 to £450 p.a., plus Local Authority scale bonus. Previous exp. in social work or Community Centre admin. esential. Applic. forms from the Regional Officer, National Council of Social Service, 19, Calthorpe Rd. Birmingham, 15, and should be returned completed as soon as possible.

GATESHEAD Council of Social Service (in assocn. with the Northumberland and Tyneside Council of Social Service) invites applics. for post of Secy. of the Council with a wide range of work and staff of four. The Secretary is also Warden of an estab. Community Centre. Comm. salary £350-£450 according to qualifics., rising to £500. Further partics. from Director of N. & T.C.S.S., 17 Ellison Pl., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1.

NURSERY School Teachers (women) or expd. Warden Teachers holding C.C.R. Certificate are wanted for non-resident posts in Church of England Children's Socy. Nurseries in various parts of the country. Holidays and pay are on Burnham scale for qualified teachers, or on M. of H. scale for Warden Teachers. Applics. to Secretary, 10/1, Church of England Children's Socy. (Waifs and Strays), Old Town Hall, Kennington Rd. S.E.11.

MARRIED couple, qualified teachers reqd. September for two groups, 6-7, 10-12 year-old boys and girls. Modern imaginative approach with natural sense of discipline. General subjects, games, gym. Music or art desirable. Burnham Scale, full residence. Formosa School, Epping House, Nr. Hertford.

NORTHERN Ireland, Londonderry High School. Required in September, fully qualified Gymnastics Mistress. Authorised staff. Apply immediately to Head Mistress.

SCIENCE Master wanted for small public school. Good perm. post. Box 8065.

TEACHER required for 6-7 years' group (or nursery group). Also assistant matron and domestic worker. Preferably mothers with own child over three. Odam Hill School, Romansleigh, S. Molton, Devon.

FAMILY life offered to trained teacher. Suitable for mother with child between 6-14 in small boarding school in September at Redbourn, St. Albans. Box 6547.

INTERNATIONAL university organisation requires travelling secretary. Age 25-30, Graduate, energetic and good at organisation and public speaking, pref. single. Appointment, for one year in first inst., carries salary £400 to £500 according qualifics. Full details and names of refs. to Box 8358.

WANTED, Journalist/Research Worker. Opportunity is offered to young writer to work with team of journalists presenting lively factual surveys on social, economic, industrial and scientific questions. Univ. Degree and journalistic exp. desirable, first-class educ. and modern outlook essential. Must be able to present factual material in a lively and readable way. Good prospects for right man or woman. Sal. according to age and exp. Box 8000.

COMMERCIAL Graduate or trained commercial teacher wanted as teacher of typewriting only at West End Adult Secretarial College. Write Box 445, Arthur S. Dixon, Ltd., 229-231, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

ORGANISING Secretary reqd. with experience of club and office work, and admin. ability. Salary £250-£300 p.a. Commence Sept. 1. Applics.: Chairman, Dundee Assocn. of Girls' Clubs, 39, Murraygate, Dundee.

WANTED immediately: Full-time Secretary and Agent to Penrith and Cockermouth Divisional Liberal Association. Applics. to Hon. Secretary, Penrith and Cockermouth Divisional Liberal Association, 5, Castlegate, Penrith, stating age, qualifics., salary reqd., and encl. copies of 2 recent testims. Car essential.

EXPERIENCED all-round Book-keeper (typist) wanted immediately by London Stationer-Publisher. Permanent job, good prospects. State partics. and income. Box 7707.

JUNIOR Club and Play Centre Leader (woman) reqd. for the Stepney Jewish Settlement. Part-time post. Exp. with children essent. Apply: Warden, S.J.G.C., Beaumont Hall, Beaumont Grove, Stepney, E.1.

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ACTIVE able young man (33) seeks post where commercial, political and Trade Union knowledge will prove useful. Expd. commercial buying, personnel. Good organiser and spkr. R.A.F.V.R. Excel. refs. Box 7669.

Appointments Wanted—continued

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